THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
26th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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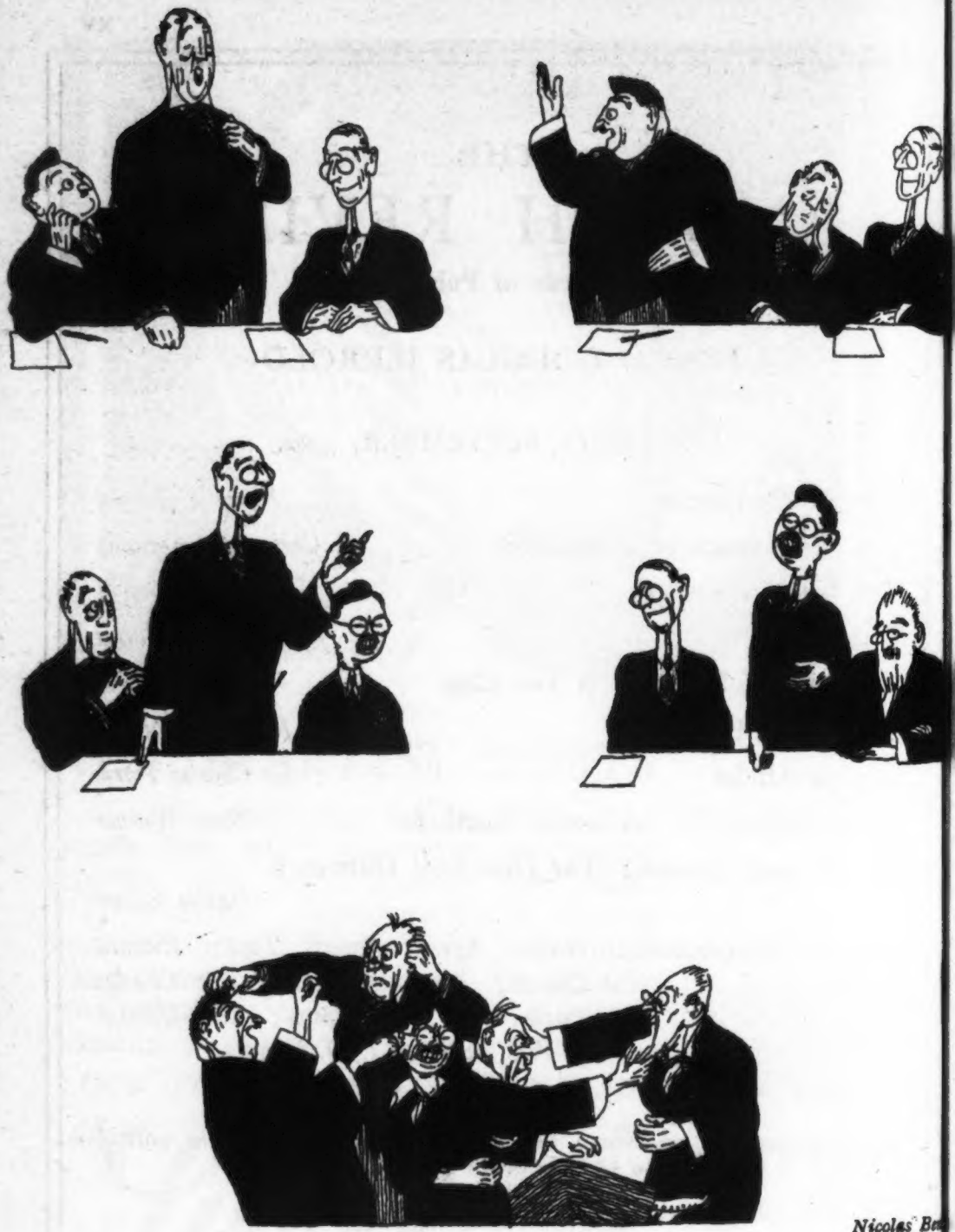

Nicolas Bet

The Path to Prosperity

Day in, day out, in sunshine or in rain
Their speeches bring Prosperity again.
The trick is done—(it's time that this were known)–
By clockwork dummies and a gramophone.

J. B. Morton.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1932

Current Comments

The Conversion Scheme.

THE success of the War Loan Conversion is unquestionable. Time alone will show whether Government credit has settled down to a 3½ per cent. basis or no, but the taxpayer has reaped the benefit of the undoubted fact that at the moment the investor is satisfied with a long-dated 3½ per cent. gilt-edged security, and if the taxpayer, for once, may have got the best of the bargain, it is at least his turn. A further saving, as foreseen in these notes, will be derived from the exceptionally cheap rates on Treasury Bills, but here again the taxpayer is the most to be congratulated, for such exceptional facilities as the Government at present enjoys for its short-term borrowings reflect the stagnation of industry. The first sign of a real revival of trade will be a fall in the price of gilt-edged securities. This does not mean, of course, that over a prolonged period of prosperity the price of gilt-edged securities remains low. We know that this is not the case. There are, however, two opposite causes which improve Government credit. The one is a period of stagnation, the other is a prolonged period of good trade. Unfortunately it is the first cause which operates to-day.

Conversion and Economy.

THE question now is the disposal of the savings already effected on our annual expenditure, and the method of increasing the volume of those savings. There will be strong pressure put on the Government to use these savings to restore the "cuts" at least in part, and equally strong pressure from other quarters for reduction

of income tax. For ourselves we should rather see these savings applied to the reduction of debt, to the ultimate benefit of the community as a whole. It is surely futile to reopen questions of wages and salaries until we have determined our currency policy and can foresee an epoch of stable prices. As for income tax, it is more than doubtful if a small measure of remission would materially assist trade. Trade revival depends first on a decision as to monetary policy, secondly on a scientific attempt to restore the home market—which in turn depends on agricultural protection, coal utilization and the consequent revival of our heavy industries—and thirdly on an effective foreign policy designed to restore and maintain peace.

Foreign Policy.

IT is difficult to understand why the extraordinary gravity of the international situation attracts so little attention. In the Far East we are approaching a crisis, and Mr. Stimson's call for a world war, which is the plain and unmistakable meaning of his "interpretation" of the Kellogg pact, is ominous in the extreme. It would be an optimistic view that Russia would not be involved in any Far Eastern conflict, and that in such an event it would be found possible to maintain peace in Europe. That we shall be asked for diplomatic pledges in return for a debt cancellation agreement with the United States is certain. Where are those pledges going to lead us? That the world needs disarmament is only too true, but why pretend, when the shadow of war lies heavy over the Pacific, that the armaments of the Powers there involved—China, Japan, Russia, the United States—are not the material factors. The present chatter about Geneva is as relevant to a situation already as menacing as that of 1914 as would have been a plan for disarmament in 1914 which left out of account the armies of France, Germany, Russia and Austria.

The Aftermath of Lausanne.

THE real harm done by the perpetual round of conferences is not that they fail to settle the problems they are called to discuss, but that they never discuss the problems which call for settlement. Ottawa is as great an offender as Lausanne. To discuss Tariffs without discussing Currency is futile, since the effect of any agreed rates of duty between five countries, each of whose currencies stand in a fluctuating relation to the other four, may be negatived at any moment by a change in the relative currency values. Mr. Baldwin, in his preference for quota arrangements in regard to meat, showed himself, of course, fully aware of this difficulty in that instance, but it is not a difficulty which is confined to one commodity. A small but tangible success has been achieved at Ottawa, but nothing has been done which could not have been done by negotiation, and the essentials of reconstruction remain.

Second Chamber Reform.

IT would be interesting to know the fate of the proposals to reform the House of Lords. Nothing has been said publicly on the matter for several months, and private rumours have been conflicting; indeed, it is rumoured that two of the younger M.P.s on the committee appointed to investigate the question disagreed somewhat violently on the hereditary problem, and that their differences have not yet been adjusted. It was generally understood that as soon as the joint committee of the two Houses had prepared a scheme, it was to be put before a number of representative Conservatives not in Parliament, and that the final recommendations would then be submitted to Mr. Baldwin, with a clear intimation that his supporters expected him to carry them into effect. Whether this prolonged silence means that the joint committee has been unable to make up its mind, or that official pressure has been put upon it to do nothing

at all, it is impossible to say, and it is to be hoped that at the coming Conservative Conference at Blackpool a decided effort will be made to elucidate the position.

The Revision of the Constitution.

HOW the House of Lords is to be reformed without the much more urgent task of the remodelling of the House of Commons being also undertaken, it is not easy to see. In spite of the numerous activities of the National Government, the country is still at the mercy of an irresponsible electorate, and the elaboration of a paper safeguard will prove no protection in the hour of need. What is required is the adaptation of the Constitution to the Corporate State, and for that purpose the reform of both Houses of Parliament is necessary. There can be no security for the future so long as present circumstances continue, and the Corporate State alone gives full play to the various factors in the national life without at the same time allowing their strife to injure the superior interest of the country as a whole. If it is proposed to begin with the House of Lords, there is no insuperable objection to such a course, provided the matter does not end there; otherwise, all that will happen will be that the Second Chamber will be deprived of its sole remaining asset, namely, its prestige.

Coal Utilization.

SINCE our last notes, the Government have rejected the demands of the South Wales coal industry for an inquiry into coal utilization. It would be contrary to the policy of this REVIEW to regret any refusal to appoint a committee. It is the business of His Majesty's Ministers, not of private citizens representing vested interests, to inquire into the "grievances" (to use an unfortunately obsolete constitutional term) of His Majesty's subjects. Alas, Mr. Baldwin's letter to the South Wales delegation held out little or no hope of any

inquiry of this kind. There were the usual references, so familiar in the City columns of the daily Press, to possible developments in coal hydrogenation and the use of pulverized fuel, but, beyond that, nothing but sympathy. The matter will not, of course, be allowed to rest there. British industrialists will sooner or later wake up to the fact that it is futile to protect the home market so long as it consists of unemployed. The heavy increase in unemployment is a practical demonstration of an obvious theoretic truth, and it will not be lost on an electorate rapidly losing its patience.

The Transport Report.

THE joint road and rail conference appointed by the Minister of Transport to consider what would be a fair basis of road and rail competition has now reported. It is an agreed report, and the fact that two interests have compounded their differences is, in this democratic age, regarded as giving them *carte blanche* to exploit the public as and how they like. The price paid for this kind of "settlement" is, as usual, more bureaucracy, the modern theory being that it is the specific function of the State to arbitrate between interests and to put restraints on the public at the instance of mutually terrified groups of exploiters. It is not clear how transport facilities will be improved and working costs reduced by an increase in taxation and a wide extension of bureaucratic control. It is also not uncharacteristic that the main points at issue are ignored not only by the Conference but by all commentators on the report. These, of course, are—

> (*a*) that the revenues derived from petrol and licence duties are partially used in relief of general taxation, while the burden of providing the permanent way for the road transport industry falls in part on the general body of the ratepayers, and
>
> (*b*) that the present rate of taxation is only rendered economically practical by reason of the price war between the oil companies;

(c) that if the whole cost of the revenues at present derived from the taxation of the motor industry were allocated to the upkeep of the roads, the private motor user would in effect be relieved from all "luxury" taxation.

(When the working man has to pay a huge fine on every pint of beer he drinks, the limousine-hauled should hardly be exempt from paying for their far less necessary extravagance.)

Extracts from the New Psalter.

THE *Times* expresses the hope that the recommendations of the Committee will be put into immediate operation. Since they involve an increase in taxation and in the powers and personnel of the Civil Service, we can regard it as certain that this hope will be fulfilled. The recommendations bear the authentic hall-mark of a post-war "reform," and the producers, who have to pay the bill, will have no alternative but to listen to the usual sickening chorus of congratulations to the interests who have been so infernally kind as to present one joint, instead of two separate, accounts. This report, indeed, may fairly be regarded as a first instalment of that great national plan which is to bring Utopia to our doors, and its reception in the Press as the first instalment of the new Socialist Psalter.

The Critic Criticized.

IT is fashionable to ask critics of a "plan" to prepare an alternative plan. Unhappily for these facile dialecticians there is only one alternative to a plan, and that is, the absence of a plan. As plans go, this is not a bad one. If you rule out the sound commercial principle of making those who claim to provide the public with services pay for those services out of what the traffic will bear and discontinue them as and when the public refuse to pay enough, you place yourself at the start in a position which is indefensible in theory and therefore bad in practice. You are, in effect, left

with nothing better to do than to ask one interest its minimum price for continuing to endure the subsidized competition of another interest and then asking the consumer to foot the bill. We may fairly anticipate in this case that the railways hope for a relief in rates as the result of the increased taxation on heavy commercial vehicles and that there the matter will end. We can only trust that we are wrong: that the Government will accept the principle of making the road traffic pay directly for the roads and traffic control instead of foisting these charges on the ratepayers, and that it will then proceed to make up the deficiency in the national revenue by luxury taxation. We shall then know where we stand and the traffic will sort itself out without any "plan" in accordance with the value of its service to the community.

A Curious Misapprehension.

THERE is one sentence in the report of the Committee which seems to be founded on a misapprehension. The Committee consider that an end should be put to the abuses in regard to wage rates and conditions of service. Is it wrong to suggest that an undertaking which imposes conditions on its employees which require them to drive at such speed or for such hours as to lead to danger to the public, is at present free to do so? If so, of course the position calls for legislative action, but not in the interests of the railway companies, as the report suggests, but, oddly enough, in the interests of the public. This interest is by a strange omission not referred to in this section of the report. If legislation is necessary on this point, it will cause no difficulty as it is already clear that the abolition of the speed limit has done nothing to lessen the scandal of the killing and maiming on the high roads. No Government deserving of the name can possibly allow this to go on. At present the

killed and wounded each year are ten times the total casualties in the three years of the South African War.

The Team for Australia.

HAPPILY the Selection Committee of the M.C.C. have not followed a " plan " in choosing the team for Australia, but have merely chosen the best players available under the best captain. Second thoughts were for once best, and it will be surprising if two at least of the last three players selected are not chosen for the five test matches. It is well known that the South Africans and Australians both regard Tate as unquestionably our best bowler, but six-day cricket requires three, not two, bowlers of pace, and it is only now that this fact has been recognized, but we can look forward to a close fight with Australia. We are glad that there has been no hesitation about inviting the Nawab of Pataudi as well as K. S. Duleepsinhji. Cricket is a game, and the Australian public are not interested in ethnography but in the cricket we play on English grounds. They want to see a representative team, not a collection of birth certificates.

The Indian Problem.

THE admission of Lord Irwin to the Cabinet has been quickly followed by a change of plan; the proposal to submit the detailed plan of the new federal constitution to a joint committee of both Houses appears to have receded into the background in favour of a new Round Table Conference. No one in India wants or means to wreck a federal constitution, and the discussions at the new Conference will be directed to such whittling down of the " safeguards " as will enable the Congress party, with whom the erstwhile moderates will now be firmly allied, to use the constitution as a jumping-off ground for political manœuvres directed to

securing independence. It is, of course, useless to call a Conference in order to present them with a *fait accompli*. The Conference will therefore either break down or will be used by the Indian members to extract concessions. In neither case is the result likely to be satisfactory either to India or to the Imperial Parliament. The usual law of conferences will apply. The maximum becomes the minimum; the minimum becomes automatically and inevitably inacceptable, and a deadlock results over proposals which, had they been put forward in any other way, would have been at least as acceptable as any others.

The Indian Electorate.

THE Government award on the representation of the different communities in the provincial legislatures in India is believed to be the work of the Prime Minister. There is no reason on the face of it to doubt the truth of this report. It will be noted that the European representation is small, that the landowners, trade, commerce and industry get less than a hundred representatives in all, while the depressed classes get 61 representatives, and the women's constituencies outnumber those of the whole European community. In the circumstances many will feel that the Government view that *in the long run* the question must be settled by the Indians themselves reflects only one facet of the truth. What, in the short run, is this "settlement" going to settle? It looks as if the object had been to achieve a paper balance of forces actually incommensurable. This measure of ingenuity will prove to be futile, for history is made by the conflict of real not paper forces, by the logic of facts, not the dialectics of *conférenciers*.

"Dangerous—Closed."

THE London County Council never explains and never apologizes. Citizens who wish, in these

sweltering August days, to use the Thames Taxi Service are still debarred from landing between Westminster and the Tower. No new piers are to be built, and the Charing Cross pier is labelled "L.C.C.—Dangerous—Closed." We are informed that the cost of repair would be approximately £100. The addition to the amenities of London would be great and the profit considerable. But the L.C.C. refuse to act. They have offered to allow "Thames Taxis Limited" to repair the pier at their own expense, but warn the Company that they will still be charged 6*d*. per call for its use. The proposition is grossly inequitable. Once more private enterprise is stifled by a local authority—with a large Conservative majority—and the pleasures and uses of our river are denied to us.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The Significance of Bolshevism

By Christopher Dawson

THE economic crisis of the last two years has proved a godsend to the Bolsheviks. The years of the New Economic Policy in Russia and of the post-War boom in the West were a time of disappointment and trial for the leaders of the communist party. Fortunately for them the launching of the second communist offensive in Russia—the Five-Year Plan—has coincided with the apparent collapse of the capitalist system in the West and has revived the hopes of world revolution which for a time had been abandoned. Above all, these hopes are concentrated on the approaching dissolution of the British Empire, which the Bolsheviks regard not without reason as the chief element of cohesion in the divided ranks of their enemies. To-day Trotsky writes: "Only a blind man could fail to see that Great Britain is headed for gigantic revolutionary earthquake shocks, in which the last fragments of her conservatism, her world domination, her present state machine, will go down without a trace."*

These hopes are encouraged by the mood of fatalism and despair that is so common in Western countries. Professed communists may be few enough, but everywhere we find intellectuals who are fascinated by the grandiose projects of communist state planning and who feel that the social and economic system of Western Europe neither deserves nor is able to surmount its present crisis.

What is the reason for the success—even though it be only a relative success—of Bolshevism—for the way in which it has maintained itself essentially unchanged through all the vicissitudes of the Revolution and the Civil War, the New Economic Policy and the Five-Year Plan; above all, for the attraction that it seems to

* "The History of the Russian Revolution," Vol. I, p. 117, translated by Max Eastman. (Gollancz. 18s.)

exercise not only for the discontented and the disinherited proletarian, but also for the disinterested idealist? This is the question that a young German sociologist, Dr. Waldemar Gurian, has attempted to answer in an important book that has just been translated into English,* and he has succeeded better than any other writer that I know in getting to the root of the matter and revealing the essential nature of the Bolshevik regime. For Bolshevism is not a political movement that can be judged by its practical aims and achievements, nor is it an abstract theory that can be understood apart from its historical context. It differs from other contemporary movements above all by its organic unity, its fusion of theory and practice, and by the way in which its practical policy is bound up with its philosophy. In a world of relativity and scepticism it stands for absolute principles; for a creed that is incarnate in a social order and for an authority that demands the entire allegiance of the whole man. The Bolshevik ideology, writes Dr. Gurian, "has been transformed from a philosophy consciously learned and imposed on life from without into a concrete living force, a national outlook, which unconsciously, implicitly, and spontaneously determines and moulds all men's judgments and opinions." "These revolutionaries are not simply politicians satisfied with the possession of power. They regard themselves as bearers of a gospel which shall bring to humanity the true redemption from its sufferings, the imperfections of its earthly existence."

"It is precisely in this respect that Bolshevism is superior to the sceptical, relativist and purely opportunist political and social attitude so common in the outside world. It claims to represent immutable principles. Though it regards earthly existence, the economic and social organization, as the final end of human life, it follows this belief with a zeal and a devotion that give

* "Bolshevism: Theory and Practice," translated by E. I. Watkin. (Sheed & Ward. 10s. 6d.)

it the appearance of a religion, in comparison with which the frequent panegyrics of man's spiritual freedom and dignity which carry with them no practical obligation appear worthless and hollow. It is therefore impossible to combat Bolshevism with arguments of a purely opportunist kind."*

And, in the same way, the communist party has little resemblance to a political party in the ordinary sense of the word. It is a voluntary organization only in the same sense as is a religious order. Its members are bound by a rigid and impersonal discipline, but they are not the servants of the State, for the State itself is their instrument. It is true that they regard themselves as the representatives and trustees of the proletariat, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that they think it is their business to obey the wishes of the working class, as the democratic politician fulfils the mandate of his electors. The proletariat that they serve is a mystical entity—the Universal Church of the Marxian believer—and the actual populace is an unregenerate mass which it is their duty to guide and organize according to the principles of the true faith. The communist is not a representative of the people: he is the priest of an idea.

Consequently the triumph of Bolshevism was not a triumph of the popular will over Tsarist tyranny, or of revolutionary enthusiasm over conservative order. It was the victory of authority and discipline over democratic idealism and individualism. As we see clearly enough in the first volume of Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution," it was the victory of a few men who knew what they wanted and allowed nothing to stand in their way over a vast majority that was driven to and fro by the uncertainty of the politicians and the passions of the mob. It was, above all, the victory of one man—Lenin—the most remarkable personality that the age produced.

* Op. cit., p. 4.

The age of the great war was an age of iron, but it gave birth to no military genius and no great statesman; its political leaders were men of paper. The one man of iron that the age produced arose from the most unlikely quarter that it is possible to conceive—from among the fanatics and revolutionary agitators who wandered about the watering places of Switzerland and Germany conspiring ineffectually and arguing with one another. To the practical politicians, even those of the Socialist party, Lenin was nothing but an ineffective visionary. Kerensky himself at first seems to have regarded him with condescending tolerance, as a man who "knew nothing, who had lived apart from the world and viewed everything through the glasses of his fanaticism."

Certainly Lenin was a fanatic, but he was a fanatic who had no illusions about himself or others and who was as ready to learn from experience as the most opportunist of practical politicians. Nothing could be more unlike the popular idea of a revolutionary leader than this simple and even common-place man who derided idealism and hated fine phrases, and who, in his own words, "always kept a stone in his pockets" in dealing with his fellow-men. He was the complete antithesis of Trotsky, the man of words, and it shows his power of self-suppression that he should have worked so long with a man whose nature was so utterly alien to his own, because he was a useful asset to the revolutionary cause.

But Lenin's cynicism and hatred of "idealism" must not lead us to suppose that he undervalued ideas. He was above all a man of theory and he differed from the average Socialist leader, both among the Bolsheviks and outside the party, in his insistence on the philosophical absolutism of the communist creed. "We must realize," he wrote in 1922, "that neither the natural sciences nor even a materialism that lacks solid philosophical foundations is capable of carrying on the struggle against the onslaught of bourgeois ideas and preventing the re-

establishment of the bourgeois *Weltanschauung*. If this contest is to be waged victoriously, the scientist must be a materialist of our time, that is to say, a conscious adherent of the materialism represented by Marx: in other words, a dialectical materialist."* And even Marx by himself was not enough, since he held that without Hegel Marx's *Kapital* is unintelligible. Hegel and Marx are the Old and New Testaments of the Bolshevik dispensation and neither of them can stand without the other. No amount of practical success can justify the sacrifice of a jot or a tittle of this revelation, and it is better to postpone the immediate realization of communism as a working system (as Lenin actually did by the New Economic Policy), rather than to imperil the orthodoxy of the picked minority that forms the spiritual foundation of the whole system.

Thus the communist system, as planned and largely created by Lenin, was a kind of *atheocracy*, a spiritual order of the most rigid and exclusive type, rather than a political order. The State was not an end in itself, it was an instrument, or, as Lenin himself puts it, " simply the weapon with which the proletariat wages its class war—*a special sort of bludgeon, nothing more.*"†

Nothing could be more characteristic of Lenin's inhuman simplicity and directness than this sentence: for, unlike his Western admirers, Lenin was never afraid to call a bludgeon a bludgeon.

To the Western mind such an attitude may seem shocking or even inconceivable, just as does the Bolshevik conception of law and the judiciary system as a weapon to be wielded by the dictatorship for political ends. But it must be recognized that it has roots deep in Russian character and in Russian history. Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great also regarded the

* Gurian, op. cit., p. 306.

† From the notes for a memograph on the dictatorship of the proletariat drafted by Lenin in 1920 and printed in Vol. 25 of his collected works. (Gurian, p. 300.)

State as a bludgeon and dealt with the Boyars and the Old Believers as mercilessly as Lenin dealt with the bourgeois and the Kulaks. It seems as though it were the fate of the vast slow-moving masses of the Russian people to be periodically bludgeoned into activity by the ruthless energy of their rulers. Trotsky himself fully recognizes this feature of the Russian development. "A backward culture," he writes, "is forced to make sudden leaps under the whips of external necessity;" and the whole of his first chapter is a commentary on those words of Vico: "The Tsar of Muscovy, although a Christian, rules over a lazy-minded people."

But all this does nothing to explain the attraction of the Bolshevik experiment for certain elements in the West. If it were simply a question of *catching up* with capitalist Europe, as Trotsky almost seems to suggest, Western Europe has no more reason to disturb itself than it did in the past. After all, nobody in the West thought of idealizing Ivan the Terrible or even Peter the Great. The fact is that while Bolshevism is in the concrete a Russian phenomenon, its theoretic basis and its absolute claims have given it a much wider significance than any purely national revolution could have. It reflects in the distorted and exaggerated medium of Russian society a crisis that is common to the whole of the modern world. As primitive peoples succumb more easily than white men to the diseases of civilization, so the spiritual maladies of European civilization become more deadly in a simpler social environment. The influence of revolutionary ideas, the loss of spiritual order, the substitution of private interests for public authority and of individual opinions for social beliefs are factors common to the modern world, but the Western peoples have been in some degree immunized by two centuries of experience and they have hitherto been able to preserve their social stability in spite of the prevalence of subversive ideas. In Russia, however, this was not the case. The Russian bourgeoisie possessed in

an exaggerated form all the weaknesses of their Western counterparts. They were a source of weakness rather than of strength to the social order, which they undermined spiritually at the same time that they exploited it economically. They showed a platonic sympathy for every kind of subversive ideal, and even the Bolsheviks themselves received financial support from prominent industrialists such as Sava Morosov. Above all it is in Russia that we can study in its purest form the phenomenon of an intelligentsia—that is to say, an educated class that is entirely detached from social responsibilities and that provides a seed bed for the propagation of revolutionary ideas. It was not from the peasants or the industrial proletariat but from the ranks of the lesser nobility and the bourgeois intelligentsia that the leaders of the revolutionary and terrorist movement arose from the time of Herzen and Bakunin to that of Lenin himself.

Hence it is not surprising that the same society that has seen the most extreme development of the subversive elements in bourgeois culture should also produce the most extreme type of reaction against that culture. The disintegration of bourgeois society has worked itself out to its logical conclusion and has given place to a movement in the reverse direction. The futility and emptiness of Russian bourgeois existence as described, for instance, by Chekhov, or still earlier in Goncharov's *Oblomov,* is such that any regime which offers a positive and objective end of life becomes attractive. Man cannot live in a spiritual void; he needs some fixed social standards and some absolute intellectual principles. Bolshevism at least replaces the spiritual anarchy of bourgeois society by a rigid order and substitutes for the doubt and scepticism of an irresponsible intelligentsia the certitude of an absolute authority embodied in social institutions. It is true that the Bolshevik philosophy is a poor thing at best. It is philosophy reduced to its very lowest terms, a philosophy with a minimum of spiritual and intellectual

content. It impoverishes life instead of enriching it and confines the mind in a narrow and arid circle of ideas. Nevertheless it is enough of a philosophy to provide society with a theoretical basis and therein lies the secret of its strength. The lesson of Bolshevism is that any philosophy is better than no philosophy, and that a regime which possesses a principle of authority, however misconceived it may be, will be stronger than a system that rests on the shifting basis of private interests and private opinions.

And this is the reason why Bolshevism with all its crudity constitutes a real menace to Western society. For although our civilization is stronger and more coherent than that of pre-War Russia, it suffers from the same internal weakness. It needs some principle of social and economic order and yet it has lost all vital relation to the spiritual traditions on which the old order of European culture was based. As Dr. Gurian writes, "Marxism, and therefore Bolshevism, does but voice the secret and unavowed philosophy of the bourgeois society when it regards society and economics as the absolute. It is faithful, likewise, to its morality when it seeks to order this absolute, the economic society, in such a way that justice, equality and freedom, the original war cries of the bourgeois advance, may be the lot of all. The rise of the bourgeoisie and the evolution of the bourgeois society have made economics the centre of public life."* And thus: "Bolshevism is at once the product of the bourgeois society and the judgment upon it. It reveals the goal to which the secret philosophy of that society leads, if accepted with unflinching logic."† At first sight this criticism of the bourgeois society seems unjust, in view of the great services that it has rendered to civilization during the last two centuries. It may be plausibly argued that the faults of the bourgeois are no greater than those of the leading classes in other ages,

* Op. cit., p. 237. † Op. cit., p. 242.

while his virtues are all his own. But the fact remains that the typical leaders of bourgeois society do not arouse the same respect as that which is felt for the corresponding figures in the old regime. We instinctively feel that there is something honourable about a king, a noble, or a knight which the banker, the stockbroker or the democratic politician does not possess. A king may be a bad king, but our very condemnation of him is a tribute to the prestige of his office. Nobody speaks of a "bad bourgeois," the socialist may indeed call him a "bloody bourgeois," but that is a set formula that has nothing to do with his personal vices or virtues.

This distrust of the bourgeois is no modern phenomenon. It has its roots in a much older tradition than that of socialism. It is equally typical of the medieval noble and peasant, the romantic Bohemian and the modern proletarian. The fact is that the bourgeoisie has always stood somewhat apart from the main structure of European society, save in Italy and the Low Countries. While the temporal power was in the hands of the kings and the nobles and the spiritual power was in the hands of the Church, the bourgeoisie, the Third Estate, occupied a position of privileged inferiority which allowed them to amass wealth and to develop considerable intellectual culture and freedom of thought without acquiring direct responsibility or power.* Consequently when the French Revolution and the fall of the old regime made the bourgeoisie the ruling class in the West, it retained its inherited characteristics, its attitude of hostile criticism towards the traditional order and its enlightened selfishness in the pursuit of its own interests. But although the bourgeois now possessed the substance of power, he never really accepted social responsibility as the old rulers had done. He remained

* The same conditions obtained in a highly accentuated form in the case of the Jews, who are, so to speak, bourgeois *par excellence*, and this explains how it is that the East European Jew can adapt himself so much more rapidly and successfully than his Christian neighbour to modern bourgeois civilization.

a private individual—an *idiot* in the Greek sense—with a strong sense of social conventions and personal rights, but with little sense of social solidarity and no recognition of his responsibility as the servant and representative of a super-personal order. In fact he did not realize the necessity of such an order, since it had always been provided for him by others, and he had taken it for granted.

This, I think, is the fundamental reason for the unpopularity and lack of prestige of bourgeois civilization. It lacks the vital human relationship which the older order with all its faults never denied. To the bourgeois politician the electorate is an accidental collection of voters; to the bourgeois industrialist, his employees are an accidental collection of wage earners. The king and the priest, on the other hand, were united to their people by a bond of organic solidarity. They were not individuals standing over against other individuals, but parts of a common social organism and representatives of a common spiritual order.

The bourgeoisie upset the throne and the altar, but they put in their place nothing but themselves. Hence their regime cannot appeal to any higher sanction than that of self interest. It is continually in a state of disintegration and flux. It is not a permanent form of social organization, but a transitional phase between two orders.

This does not, of course, mean that Western society is inevitably doomed to go the way of Russia, or that it can find salvation in the Bolshevik ideal of class dictatorship and economic mass civilization. The Bolshevik philosophy is simply the *reductio ad absurdum* of the principles implicit in bourgeois culture and consequently it provides no real answer to the weaknesses and deficiencies of the latter. It takes the nadir of European spiritual development for the zenith of a new order.

The bourgeois culture in spite of its temporary importance is nothing but an episode in European history. This is why the current socialist opposition of communist and bourgeois society is in reality a false dilemma. Western civilization is not merely the civilization of the bourgeois; it is the old civilization of Western Christendom that is undergoing a temporary phase of disorganization and change. It owes its strength not to its bourgeois politics and economics, but to the older and more permanent elements of its social and spiritual tradition. In no country, save perhaps in the United States, does the bourgeois culture exist in the pure state as a self subsistent whole. England, above all, which seems at first sight to be the most thoroughly bourgeois society of all, has in reality never possessed a bourgeoisie in the true sense. Its ruling class down to modern times was agrarian in character and incorporated considerable elements of the older aristocratic tradition. Ever since Tudor times it was the aim of the successful merchant to "found a family" and leave the city for the country, and even the city man remained to a great extent a countryman at heart, as we see as late as the Victorian period in Surtees Jorrocks. The English Nonconformists did indeed possess a tradition of cultural separatism analogous to that of the Continental bourgeoisie; but even they were not pure bourgeois, since their basis of social unity was a religious and not an economic one.

In the same way the government in England has never been completely transformed by the bourgeois revolution, but still preserves the monarchical principle as the centre of national solidarity and order.

And the same state of things exists in varying degrees in every Western State. Even France, which politically is an almost pure type of bourgeois culture, is sociologically far from simple and owes its strength to the delicate equilibrium that it has established between two different social types—the peasant and the bourgeois—and two

opposite spiritual traditions—that of the Catholic Church and that of the Liberal Enlightenment.

Consequently it is impossible to solve the problem of Western society by disregarding the social and spiritual complexity of European civilization. Bourgeois civilization is not the only European tradition, and Rousseau and Marx are not the only European thinkers. The new order must be conceived not in terms of bourgeois exploiter and exploited proletarian, but as a unity that incorporates every element in European culture and that does justice to the spiritual and social as well as to the economic needs of human nature. In Russia such a solution was impossible owing to the profound gulf that divided the bourgeoisie and the intelligentsia with their imported Western culture from the governmental tradition of Byzantine autocracy and Orthodoxy and from the peasant culture of a semi-barbaric peasantry. But Western civilization is still fundamentally homogeneous. Our intelligentsia has not entirely lost its roots in a common spiritual order, and our bourgeoisie is not entirely divorced from social responsibility. It is still not too late to restore the integrity of European culture on the basis of a comprehensive and catholic order. We must go back to an older and more fundamental social tradition and to a wider and more perennial philosophy, which recognize the depth and complexity of human nature and the existence of a moral order that must govern political and economic relations no less than private behaviour. As Dr. Gurian says, Bolshevism itself is an unintentional and therefore most impressive witness to the existence of such an order, since its attempt to treat society as a closed and self sufficient order has led not to Utopia but to tyranny. Man is first mutilated by being deprived of some of its most essential activities, and this maimed and crippled human nature is made the standard by which civilization and life itself are judged.

The Unity of Europe

By R. B. Mowat

EUROPE, which is not a geographical unity (for it is really only the north-western prolongation of Asia) is generally called a continent, frequently, indeed, *the Continent*. Its peoples, though organized in separate political systems as Frenchmen, British, Germans, Italians and the rest, are often by other people classed together and are regarded simply as Europeans. In China or India the term "European," meaning an Englishman, Frenchman or German, is quite common; one of the best novels of the American, Henry James, is called *The Europeans*.

All this denotes a real unity which, however, is not and never has been (at any rate since the fall of the Roman Empire) political. The unity of Europe is cultural; it is comprised in the phrase Western Civilization; and it is the result of the grand inheritance of ancient Mediterranean civilization—of Egypt and Israel and Greece and Rome. By way of the Mediterranean, Atlantic, Baltic, Caspian seas, along the valleys of the Volga, Danube, Rhine, streams of culture found their way from the civilizations of Asia. Gradually, fed by these streams and by its native resources, a centre of high culture formed itself in the Ægean islands in the third millennium before Christ, and in time developed into the magnificent culture, Greek civilization. It is from this centre that Europe derives its art, letters, philosophy, and science; and it is in so far as they inherit from this common source that the nations of Europe have any culture at all. The Roman Republic, an apt pupil of Hellenic culture, with something of its own to add in law and government, carried the torch over Western Europe, and gave its cosmopolitan Greco-Roman culture to the barbarian peoples whom it conquered. It is to Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of Gaul and the Rhineland, that Europe owes its unity, not political unity which was lost after four hundred years of empire, but social unity

which endures. The eloquent passage from Mommsen states the simple truth :—

> That there is a bridge connecting the past glory of Hellas and Rome with the prouder fabric of modern history; that Western Europe is Romanic and Germanic Europe classic; that the names of Themistocles and Scipio have to us a very different sound from those of Asoka and Salmanassar; that Homer and Sophocles are not merely like the Vedas and Kalidasa attractive to the literary botanist, but bloom for us in our garden—all this is the work of Cæsar; and while the creation of his great predecessor in the East (Alexander) has been almost wholly reduced to ruin by the tempests of the Middle Ages, the structure of Cæsar has outlasted those thousands of years which have changed religion and polity for the human race and even shifted for it the centre of civilization itself, and it still stands erect for what we may designate as eternity.

Although Europe is a cultural unity, it is obviously also a place of much diversity. The English, French, Germans and other nations have not merely Western Civilization in common; they have it with certain national differences, developments and tendencies which are all their own. Looking at the nations separately, it is correct to speak of English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish culture; but all these fundamentally owe their origin and existence to the Mediterranean civilization, the Classical and Christian tradition which is their common inheritance.

There were, it is true, original tribal cultures in Germany, Gaul and Spain, in Great Britain, too, before Rome extended her beneficent influence over the land. Efforts have been made by nationalist historians, who are determined to see a golden past of their race, to magnify the native genius and early achievement of those peoples; but there are no valid reasons for holding that the Celtic communities of the ancient world, if left to themselves, would have developed high civilizations. There is no inevitable law of progress. Unless impelled by powerful external influence, simple tribal cultures will remain unchanged for a thousand years, as happened in Albania,

Morocco, Central Africa and the Pacific islands.* Rome supplied the powerful external influence which, guiding, stimulating, and enriching the native cultures, developed a varying type of Mediterranean civilization in every country of Western Europe. It was not merely guidance, control and stimulus that Rome gave to the tribes; it gave the Classical tradition, standards of taste, scholarship, style, and the great Hellenic heritage of literature, of art, of philosophy, and of science. Had Rome not done this for the European tribes, it does not follow either that these tribes would have remained stationary for centuries, or that they would have developed original civilizations like the Chinese. Some other force than Rome, some other powerful external agency, the Persians, the Arabs or perhaps even the Turks, would in all likelihood have imposed their standards and cultures on the Europeans. All the wars of "Europe," the only struggles which were not really internecine civil wars (as, for instance, the late World War was a civil war), were fought to decide between the Classical civilization and an Oriental. The battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa decided that Europe should be Hellenic, not Persian. In the battle of Actium in 31 B.C. which established the Empire of Augustus, the fundamental issue at stake was between the Oriental despotism of Antony and Cleopatra on the one hand, and the Western civilization of Augustan Rome on the other. At Tours, in 732, Charles Martel and the Franks (who had taken over the Greco-Roman province of Gaul) rolled back the tide of Moslem invasion. At the struggle on the Lechfeld in 955, Otto the Great saved the Europeans from becoming Hun. At Vienna, in 1683, Prince Charles of Lorraine and John Sobieski of Poland saved Europe from the Turk.

The Roman Empire, magnificent though its work was as the lamp-bearer of Greece, lacked the elasticity, the

* Christopher Dawson, *The Making of Europe* (1932), p. 7. I gladly take this opportunity of acknowledging a debt to Mr. Dawson's admirable work, which is the foundation of the present article.

spontaneity, the originality of the great Athenians. Its religion, so far as it had one, was a sad thing, without hope, without inspiration. Roman civilization was material, lacked something spiritual, something inspiring; it received this from the Christian religion. The teaching of Christ proclaimed the great truths of Judaism—the fatherhood of the one true God, the categorical imperative of the moral law. In addition—and this was its grand decision which changed the face of the world—the Christian ethic threw aside the exclusively national conviction of Judaism and assumed a universal mission; it was to be a possession for all mankind. Western Roman civilization received the Christian ethic, the Catholic church organization, the stimulus of a great hope and a lofty faith. Politically, Europe owes its existence to the Roman Empire; spiritually, it owes its unity to the Catholic Church; intellectually, it owes its culture to the Classical tradition.

Whatever the European nations have that is good and beautiful—their art, and letters; their science and philosophy; their religion and morality; their drama and government; their missionary instincts and purposes; their schools and colleges; their social services and charities; their humanitarian achievements; their roads and railways; their whole fabric of society and means for a lofty way of life, are due to their common participation in the ancient Mediterranean civilization, as it has come down to them, improved and developed, from the past. These Europeans are only accidentally Englishmen or French or Germans or Italians or members of some other nation; and as such they each have duties to their nation and just cause to be proud of their origin. But they are equally bound, by the inexorable facts of the past and of the present, to recognize duties to each other, and to cherish a just pride in the grand community of European culture which makes them what they are.

Such, then, was the unity of Europe, as it was recognized by all men of reason in the eighteenth century

until the great catastrophe, the grand breaking-up came, with the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. The nineteenth century, the period which ensued upon the great Peace Settlement of 1815, was an age of growing nationalism. Peoples came to self-consciousness, and no longer recognized their community of culture (though it still obviously existed), and defied even the European system of treaties, the "Concert of Europe" which Metternich, the Tsar Alexander and Castlereagh had constructed. Thus there took place the "national" movements for the union of the Italians, the union of the Germans, of the Poles, the Czechoslovaks, the Belgians, and others. The theory of Mazzini, the most representative of nineteenth-century nationalists, was that nationalism was an instinct, a rational desire, a world-necessity which must be satisfied; that nations would always be disturbing, eruptive forces so long as they were suppressed, but when they should all be satisfied, there would no longer be any cause of disturbance. Nations, in Mazzini's view, were a "family"; when each had become united and independent, it would have nothing more to fight for, but would recognize its community of interest with every other nation. Therefore when Mazzini had founded or had seen founded various "Young" societies—Young Italy, Young Germany, Young Switzerland—he established a union of all the national movements, a Young Europe; but, except at its birth, Young Europe was scarcely ever heard of, and soon died.

Mazzini's theory of the peacefulness and fraternalism of satisfied nationalities never had a real chance of being tested in the nineteenth century, for not all the nationalities were freed. Perhaps this fact was the ultimate cause of the catastrophe, the Great European War, which occurred in 1914, just a hundred years after the close of the last Great European War in 1814. Whatever ultimately caused the European War, it was, from the point of view of Europe as a whole, a civil war—that is, it was a struggle between peoples who were the inheritors,

transmitters and leaders of the common European culture, the pattern for all the world. Civil war is chaos; and the Great European Civil War is responsible for the international chaos which still exists. When the Orientals and other non-European peoples saw the great Powers, leaders of Western civilization, employing all their resources in order to destroy each other, the prestige of Europe was ruined; hence came the revolts against Western dominion in China and India, and the defiance of European advice and even commands when Japan occupied Manchuria and invaded Shanghai.

The serious effort to establish, through the League of Nations, a new world order after the Great War, has been hampered by the persistence and even the accentuation of nationalism on the one hand, and of a vague and feeble internationalism on the other. The nationalism which is doing harm is not the healthy growth of vigorous peoples desiring a self-expression which they are equally ready to concede to their neighbours. It is a nationalism which claims for each nation to be the source of a peculiar culture, and asserts itself as sheer selfishness at the expense of its neighbours. Such *sacro egoismo*, if claimed and practised by every nation, could only produce international anarchy and strife. If, however, every national culture is seen (as it is) to be only a particular expression of the common European culture transmitted from Classical times, then nationalism falls into its true perspective; it becomes a useful, vigorous plant in the common garden of Europe where all are bound together by common interests and common purposes. Each nation, in its characteristic development of Western civilization, will have something to be proud of in itself, something to admire in its neighbours.

The practical organization which is the League of Nations is hindered not merely by a selfish, intolerant nationalism, but also by a certain kind of internationalism which, without being practical or strong, is yet often intolerant and chaotic. It is the kind of internationalism

which shuts its eyes to facts, which refuses to believe that even police force is necessary, and in effect denies that a nation is justified in attending to its security. This attitude helps to produce the very chaos between nations which it desires to avoid. It irritates practical people, and by putting upon international law more than it will bear, brings discredit on the sane international movement which is based upon facts.

Yet there is room, and, indeed, dire need, for the idealist and the realist in international affairs. The existence of nations, their instincts and demands, their energy, their patriotism, cannot be ignored; but it is equally stupid and contrary to facts to ignore the community of nations, based on their common European culture, their economic inter-dependence, their common and imperative need of peace. The League of Nations is not, was never meant to be, and never means to be, a super-State; it is a free association of free nations, each recognized as equal before the Law of Nations, and guaranteed in its independence and integrity. This surely, no more, no less, is the Mazzini ideal more nearly realized than anyone in 1914 ever dreamed; and in the particular activity of the League called Intellectual Co-operation there is at any rate the beginning of a practical realization of that community of culture on which Europe's title to world-leadership is based.

Peking

By Walter B. Harris

I HAVE experienced in all my travels no thrill of expectation or of satisfaction greater than that I felt on entering for the first time the palace precincts of Peking—or Peiping as it is called to-day. For centuries the "Purple Forbidden City," the great enclosure in which the palace lies, was the centre of the universe to the millions of the inhabitants of China—the earthly residence of the Son of Heaven—a great mystery, unseen and unknown. Its vast walls, its wide approaches, its immense gateways, the long straight moats, the broken line of yellow roofs, the painted watch towers, these at least were visible from without, but all the rest were hidden. Rare were those, even amongst the Chinese officials, who penetrated to its courtyards or to its throne rooms. Few can be the travellers who suffer disappointment, for in spaciousness, in architecture, in symmetry and in decoration the Forbidden City is unique. Fantastic it is and magnificently imperial, superb in its repose, splendid in its neglected beauty. Nor is it the only Imperial domain which is open to the people, for the Summer Palace, a few miles outside the city, on the slopes of the Western Hills, can be visited on the payment of a small fee. It is there, on the shore of an artificial lake, that Tzu-Hsi, the Empress Dowager, employed her time and wasted her country's money—but how pardonably!—in constructing the great group of buildings that form the Yi Ho Yuan. Nature and the past supplied the background for her art. The slopes of the wooded hills were already studded with delightful pavilions and shaded galleries and little temples, a heritage of long dead sovereigns. With that keen appreciation of beauty which she undoubtedly possessed, the Dowager Empress utilized in her general scheme these existing constructions. That Tzu Hsi did not prefer to restore the ruins of the Yuan Ming Yuan—the neighbouring old Summer Palace, which was destroyed by the

Franco-British expedition in 1860—cannot be a matter of surprise. She herself had accompanied her Emperor-husband on the flight of the Court on the very day on which the "Western Barbarians" burned the fantastic palaces that the Jesuits had designed, and looted and destroyed the treasures that they contained, just as forty years later she again had to flee before a foreign foe in those dark days of the Boxer rebellion.

In constructing her new Summer palace the Dowager-Empress made no attempt to reproduce the buildings in the European style that Chien Lung had erected in the eighteenth century, but adopted Chinese traditional architecture inherited through long ages. Although not comparable in extent, the same plan was used as stamps the palaces inside the city; great courtyards surrounded by one-storied buildings, roofed in imperial yellow tiles and faced with arcades whose crimson columns support richly-painted beams and ceilings of intricate design. In these courts trees, quince, pine and magnolia, severely pruned, rise from between the stones of the pavement, and bronze lions grinning with courage, phœnix birds, dragons and cranes disport themselves. Balustrades and steps and bridges, all of ivory-tinted marble, add to the beauty of the inclosures. As a background to the gorgeous yellow roofs rise other groups of buildings leading up to a great retaining wall supporting the circular Buddhist temple that crowns the summit. On either side from amongst the trees appear the upturned eaves of kiosks perched on high pinnacles of skilfully constructed rockwork, while at the back of all stands the richly decorated block of still another temple. In the adornment of this scene Nature has played, or been made to play, her part lavishly. Everywhere are clusters of dark pines and trees with pale foliage. The gardens are still tended and cared for, and long trails of wistaria hung from the pergolas and from the tree trunks, while here and there masses of red and white peonies were in blossom in the flower beds or amongst the

rocks. Rising from the water's edge pavilions, each a gem of Chinese architecture, that once served as the landing places of Emperors and Empresses and their suites, stand along the lake's shore, reflected in all their complicated loveliness of colour and form on the still surface. A long covered walk—light wooden pillars supporting a painted ceiling beneath a tiled roof—leads in graceful curves along the shore to further groups of buildings, near which the Empress's marble boat, the whim of a woman extravagant in money and in ideas, lies alongside a marble quay. Far more attractive is the neighbouring bridge that spans the little canal that finds its way to the lake.

This palace, of course, possessed its theatre. The stage, an extensive raised dais with an upper storey supported on columns, the front and sides being thus left open to the spectators, juts out into the centre of a courtyard. Opposite is the Empress's box, a large room where she and her ladies sat, curtained off from the view of the other spectators. The male members of the court and certain high officials occupied seats on the two sides of the courtyard.

To-day everything is open to the public. Even the privacy of the Empress's apartments is no longer respected and the visitor can penetrate into the rooms in which this great modern figure of the Far East lived her ornate life—a life of contrasts, of magnificence and simplicity. Each suite of apartments is contained in a separate building, usually consisting of four or five rooms connected by open archways curtained at the top and sides by delicately carved woodwork. It was here, with furniture not made for ease, that Tzu Hsi spent her summers amongst a display of works of art and the flowers of her gardens. Her bedroom is at the end of one of these suites and can be seen through the doorway. One is grateful to the official who has placed a light barrier across the opening and preserved the small deserted chamber from intrusion. In a curtained recess

in the wall the old lady slept. Her bed is still there with its foundation of wooden boards and a thin mattress or two, the whole simple and comfortless. A few pieces of furniture, a few *objets d'art*, are all that the little room appears to have contained. Even with her love of novelty the Empress seldom departed from the traditional manner of life that had been handed down almost from time immemorial.

In the State rooms there is always a throne on a raised dais, surrounded by ornaments often more gorgeous than beautiful, and many of them in bad European taste. In these vast saloons there are tables littered with clocks, few of which have anything to recommend them. The pictures, unlike those in the Forbidden City, are modern and poor. Amongst all this inartistic jungle there are exhibited cases of jade and porcelain, of bronze and coral, valuable and of beauty. This is part of the great collection made by a woman of immense wealth and opportunity, whose better judgment was too often sacrificed to a desire for novelty. That she was at the same time an artist and a connoisseuse is clear from the care that she bestowed upon the multitude of Chinese treasures that the palace contained. A boat takes the traveller across the lake to a little wooded island with its temples, connected on the other side by a many-arched bridge to the further shore. It is from the lake that the most extensive views of the hill and its palaces are obtained. Rising from the water's edge, above an embankment and balustrade of white marble, with its fringe of trees, are the great yellow roofs of the principal buildings. Above them again, tier above tier, are vast stone walls and cliffs, their pinnacles crowned with pavilions roofed in gaily coloured tiles that glitter and sparkle in the sunlight, and above it all the great circular temple in the form of an immense pagoda, unwieldy and obtruding, yet not out of place in this galaxy of Far-Eastern art and architecture.

To-day it is all deserted. A few Chinese visitors

wander pleasantly in the palace precincts and gaze with the admiration of the born artist upon the sunlit courts and the shadowy unpeopled rooms and the treasures that they contain. They seem to have no regrets, these celestial visitors, for the Sons of Heaven that are gone, nor any interest in the Republic that has replaced them, but they are very dignified and very sedate courteous gentlemen in long blue robes.

For my visit of nearly three months in Peking I engaged a jinriksha and a Chinese youth to draw it. It is a pleasant means of progress and the most suitable, for many of the streets of the city are narrow and deep rutted. I never learned the young man's name but I called him after an expression that was ever on his lips, the good old English word which we have abandoned but the Americans retain in common use—"Maybe." It was his cautious answer to nearly every question, "Maybe yes—or Maybe no." To any more definite reply he would seldom bind himself. Its only change was "Maybe no—Maybe yes," and both left him scope for escape. I never met anyone whose attitude was more perpetually non-committal. He was an admirable guide and friend and as a "steed," harnessed to his riksha, he was indefatigable. He ran, perspired and laughed almost without ceasing. On my shopping excursions—and they were many—he served me well. That he obtained a commission on everything I bought when he accompanied me was certain. I am glad of it, for his knowledge of English was sufficient for him to act as interpreter. He was discreet and never interfered, and at the same time was invaluable in his foraging expeditions when he went off, during the hours I did not require his services, to search in out-of-the-way quarters of the city for the class of *objets d'art* in which I was interested. His judgment was good. In a very short time he became almost an expert in old pictures and saved me, by his visits to many sources of supply, a considerable amount of time and trouble. His eye was quick to discover the faked scrolls.

He distinguished easily the old silk of the backgrounds from the shellac-washed imitation. He learned, it seemed almost by instinct, to recognize the age-period of a picture from the coarseness or the fineness of the material on which it was painted. Some of the best of the collection that I brought away with me were his discoveries. I told him the points that he must look for, the strokes of the brush that mark a master's hand. In discovering in remote quarters fine examples of wood carving, hard wood doors in low relief and beams of infinite variety that had once adorned some long demolished shop-front, and archways in pierced pear wood, he was invaluable. His description of his finds, when he rendered count of his peregrinations were inimitable and to the point. "Me go shop Dlum Tower Stleet"—for "Maybe's" Rs were all Ls—"He have 2 pick-i-shas (pictures). One velly high mountain. Big tlee in flont. One man lide mule over blidge. One boy walk. Man say, Sung dynasty. He lie. Maybe Chien Lung." Another time it would be "Old pick-i-sha. One velly fine Chinese girl make music, velly nice face. Nother Chinese girl dance. Upstairs old Chinese man wlite letters. Old Chinese lady cook tea. Velly nice pick-i-sha." He was seldom wrong. Besides these amusing excursions to shops in the outlying quarters of the town I was put in touch with private dealers who brought to my hotel daily a selection of works of art. Once these men understood that I was a buyer, that I possessed a certain judgment and had seen and bought Chinese pictures before, I found them useful and honest. After the first day or two they never brought me a faked picture or a really inferior one. In order to save time and trouble I proposed to these dealers, who were selling on commission for private owners, the following plan. They were to bring the pictures and tell me the lowest price the owners would accept—of course including their commissions. I in turn would either buy or refuse the pictures at the price they offered and I undertook to offer no lesser sum. In

short there was to be no bargaining. I kept to my part of the agreement and no doubt lost one or two pictures I should like to have owned, for they seldom returned with them at a lower price, but on the contrary I bought many at a very reasonable cost which I should probably have not reached after hours, or days, of bargaining. The arrangement pleased both buyer and sellers and I cannot speak too highly of the honesty and scrupulousness of the men I dealt with. I have the highest opinion both of their judgment and their reasonableness. Before leaving Peking my collection of over 80 pictures was examined by experts. They were all good with the exception of three, one of which had been retouched while the other two were of inferior quality. It was a wonderful time to buy from the acquirer's point of view, for there were at that moment 23 dollars to the £, while the tragic economic crisis was bringing on to the market a host of treasured works not perhaps of the highest value but of really good artistic quality. English and American firms had almost ceased to export on account of the financial depression at home; and especially the large scroll pictures—often six feet in height and three feet wide—were difficult to dispose of. Few people have to-day wall space to exhibit them, and still fewer seem to appreciate the consummate art of the large landscapes or the exquisite technique of Chinese flower and bird painting.

The rarity of the original works of the early Chinese painters is largely due to the delicacy of the material used, for the medium which for many centuries they have employed is water colour applied to silk or paper. The destruction that time inevitably wrought on such material was, however, to some extent compensated by the unfailing care which was bestowed upon the paintings. Probably the earliest original Chinese scroll pictures in existence to-day date from about the seventh century A.D., and many of these are copies of still earlier work from as far back as the first century. The conservative

continuity of art has been remarkably adhered to throughout all periods of Chinese history. The Chinese have been, almost from time immemorial, collectors themselves, and many descriptive catalogues of collections of pictures still exist, though often the pictures themselves have been lost, destroyed or dispersed. The Imperial Palace collection was examined and inventoried during the reign of each succeeding sovereign. A portion of the collection is now exhibited in the Forbidden City. It cannot, however, be stated with any certainty how many or how few of the earlier paintings, although answering to the description contained in the catalogues and bearing seals and signatures, are original. The Chinese held to this continuity of their works of art as they held to the continuity of their race, and family succession was the aim and object of their existence. Pictures that time defaced were copied to replace the originals and the painting lived again in its reproduction, which, while not pretending to be more than it was, yet in form, in intention and in technique, continued the existence of its predecessor. Even in the most famous collections in Europe, America and in China there must be many pictures which, while conforming to the description of the original Chinese lists of the painters' works, and even bearing their signatures and the accompanying seals, are not originals. Such pictures owe their existence not to the forger or to fraud but to this spirit of continuity, though in later years many spurious imitations have been put upon the market not only for sale to foreigners but also to the Chinese themselves. In the early days of Chinese art the value of a painting was due more to the representation of nature that the master's mind and skill created rather than to actual authenticity, and so skilful has always been the Chinese copyist that deception has often been impossible to detect. The copy has possessed all the beauty and the technique of the original painting. Nor was the procedure limited in the past to exact reproduction, for often enough the disciples painted under the

inspiration of the master and produced original work undistinguishable in style from his own. The materials employed, the texture of the paper or of the silk, often give a clue to the date, but there is little doubt that in the reproduction of earlier works of value and merit similar materials were used in every case where they were procurable. Such change as has taken place in the pictorial art of the country during the twenty centuries of its existence has been rather in the interpretation of nature than in any modification in technique or in style. Different schools of painting existed such as the Northern and the Southern schools, but throughout the long ages the standard and ideal changed but little. In every essential Chinese pictorial art has always been national though it owes much of its origin to the Buddhistic influences of India, but just as China has absorbed every succeeding race that has invaded the country so the foreign art became in a short period of time as Chinese in character as if it had originated in the country.

The result has been that with so many catalogues and histories of Chinese art at their disposal students have too largely limited their studies to a number of painters whose work was locally appreciated while the unsigned and uncatalogued examples of all periods, and even those signed by unlisted painters, have been much neglected and ignored. The critical discrimination between the work of the celebrated artists and that of their unrecorded or unknown contemporaries has led to an exaggerated appreciation of the former and an undeserved neglect of the rest. This tendency which originated amongst the Chinese themselves has been passed on to the European and American collectors with the result that while historical or recorded works of undoubted age, though by no means all originals, fetch prices that are outside the reach of all but the very rich, paintings sometimes of equal merit and often of greater beauty find no ready market and are still procurable. The result has been that there has come about in the collecting and study of

Chinese paintings a disregard for intrinsic beauty and an exaggerated appreciation of the personality of the artist.

Often my faithful riksha coolie would draw up at the doorway of some remote temple and say "Maybe you like look see this temple. Velly pletty, velly old." We would go in together, some local imp having been entrusted with the riksha, and under the guidance of a dishevelled priest or monk, one of the few remaining of the many who formerly ministered, we strolled in the crumbling deserted precincts and penetrated the depths of the dust-laden halls, where great images peered from the gloom and shadows of vast shrines and altars. They are very wonderful, very mysterious and very sad, the old temples of Peking. At other times, our excursions lay farther afield—to the Drum Tower, the more distant City Gates and the temples beyond the walls. How fast he ran, the willing "Maybe," to the rhythmic footfall of his soft soled shoes, as he bore me away through strange side streets and narrow lanes! Sometimes in the afternoons he would take me to the Central Park, a public recreation ground that once was reserved for Emperors to walk in, with its pergolas and little lake, its tea houses and groves of trees and its flower beds, the resort of cheerful and orderly holiday makers. It is in this garden that stands the Poulai, or memorial arch, that was originally erected elsewhere in Peking to the memory of a murdered German Minister. But at the end of the Great War it was brought to the Central Park and rededicated to the Chinese victims of that world-wide catastrophe. This rededication of a conspicuous monument to an object in absolute contradiction of its original intentions seems to open a new and practical reform that might well be adopted elsewhere. Neutral monuments might be erected and dedicated for a period of time to some person or event. The design would have to be carefully considered and chosen, suitable to any alteration in the temporary inscription it might display. If, for modesty's sake, the shield of Achilles of Hyde Park were

hung around his waist, and the sword in his hand made interchangeable with a roll of documents or an electric torch, the statue would serve for any purpose: Peace or War, Capital or Labour, Past or Future, Fecundity or Marie Stopes—according to the public taste of the day.

During my visit to Peking the peonies were at their best and the flower beds reserved for them in the Central Park were visions of delight. As so many of the Chinese are engaged in work for all the hours of daylight the authorities had provided the matting-shaded peony beds —for sunshine destroys their beauty—with powerful electric lamps. The effect was charming and it was a pleasure to watch the orderly crowd of Chinese work-people who came after nightfall—their only time of leisure—to gaze upon the great coloured blossoms. The gardens were filled with Chinese artisans and labourers and their families—sober, well-behaved and dignified. I never saw a drunken Chinese during my stay at Peking.

Religion and Science: A Test Case

By G. C. Heseltine

THE notion of a conflict between religion and science, or more correctly of the persecution of scientists by religious men in general and Christians in particular, seems to be in some way essential to the propagation of the new cosmogonies of those who claim a monopoly in the use of reason and call themselves rationalists. It is as if the scientists whose education has been limited to the laboratories, and the near-scientists such as Mr. H. G. Wells who are eminent for their *tours de force* of imagination, anticipated the rejection of their quasi-scientific speculations by men who are human enough to have a religion, and attempted to forestall criticism by insisting that Religion has always persecuted Science. Therefore, the opposition of organized religion to any advance in knowledge may be taken for granted and discounted, as coming not from the reason but from the perverted instincts of the beast. This state of mind was greatly fostered by the controversy between Huxley, who was eminently fitted to represent the dogmatic scientist, and Bishop Wilberforce, who was nothing like so well fitted to represent even his own de-dogmatized Christianity. Huxley won, and the fight was declared but one more instance of this implacable and wrongheaded opposition. In witness of which no case has been more cited, as a terror of shame to Christians who dare to criticize, than that of Galileo Galilei.

For this reason the case of Galileo deserves, and indeed, requires to be better known. No instance of the "persecution" of science by religion is more often quoted and it is thus not unfair to assume that the case is reasonably typical of the attitude of organized Christianity towards the scientific worker.

The Galileo legend, myth, or bogy-tale takes various forms. There is no standard version because it has never been formalized, and since it has lived not on fact but on bigotry and ignorance, it has varied with time and place and the temper and degree of ignorance of the narrators. Of recent years it has not flourished widely because the facts of Galileo's story have been made known, but it still flourishes strongly in unexpected places. In a London daily newspaper recently it appeared merely in the bare statement that Galileo was burnt at the stake. That was no doubt said without prejudice, being the result of ignorance and the traditional desire of the popular press to give the public what it thinks the public wants. In a more learned and pontifical journal which has been well said to mistake dullness for dignity, it appeared in a more cautious and subdued form in a review of Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis's "Emperor of the West" thus: "those who remember the fate of Galileo and the Netherlands . . ." In the hands of the distinguished scientist and philosopher, Bertrand Russell, D.Sc., F.R.S., it becomes the prime example of the implacable "conflict between the spirit of induction and the spirit of deduction," the first spirit being represented by Galileo and the second by "jurists, Christians, Mohammedans, and Communists." Another version, by Professor Charles Richet, *Membre de l'Institut,* says that he was "exiled from Pisa . . . persecuted. Put into prison, he was compelled to renounce his errors! his sublime errors!"—here he becomes an example of the misfortunes, misery and mortification that fall to the lot of savants who have resuscitated science. Other versions declare Galileo to have been "tortured," "blinded," and "flung into a dungeon."

It is not surprising that modern publicists, as the higher paid journalists are called, are not acquainted with the documents or authentic records of what they publicize. It is their business to supply copy, not to

verify their statements. But the philosophers and scientists at least, being studious men, might be expected to look up some safe agnostic, protestant or anti-papist account of Galileo's affair with the Holy Office. There are several comprehensive works and authorities that can be relied upon to give nothing away to the minions of the Scarlet Woman. In English we have "Galileo," by J. J. Fahie, M.I.E.E., etc.; "The Private Life of Galileo" (Anon., 1870); "Martyrs of Science," by Sir David Brewster; "Galileo," by Dr. E. S. Holden, U.S. Military Academy, West Point; and amongst foreigners Von Gebler, Leibnitz, Ranke, Guizot, Eichorn, Spittler, and a host of others.

What are the facts about Galileo to be found in these anti-clerical, anti-Roman authorities?

Galileo received his early education in Pisa, then in the monastery of Vallombrosa, and ultimately at Pisa where he commenced in medicine. By his natural genius and inquisitiveness he soon gained pieces of knowledge beyond his fellows and his teachers, and on the strength of this he crowed over both. Especially when he observed apparent contradictions of accepted Aristotelian views, he quite naturally waxed contentious. So that he gained the nickname of "the Wrangler" and the enmity of the dons, who naturally hated aggressive contradiction, the more so when they were shown to be wrong. Nevertheless at twenty-six he obtained the Chair of Mathematics, having written his brilliant essays on the Hydrostatic Balance and on the Centre of Gravity of Solids. We are told that he had but one friend, Jacopo Mazzoni, amongst his fellow-Professors. He added to the jealousy that his quick rise provoked, a particularly aggressive manner. His demonstration of the law of falling bodies in contradiction of Aristotle was followed by his brusque comment on the model of a complicated dredging machine designed by the Governor of Leghorn, Giovanni de Medici. He said bluntly that it was useless—which annoyed Giovanni,

who built the machine nevertheless; and Galileo proved to be right, which annoyed Giovanni still more. The Aristotelians, now backed heartily by Giovanni, made things so lively that Galileo resigned his Professorship, after some trouble about his miserably inadequate salary.

From Pisa Galileo went to be Professor of Mathematics at Padua, in 1592, helped by the Marquis del Monte and others, and in so doing he beat a formidable rival in Magini. At Padua he was prolific in mechanical inventions and brilliant mathematical papers. But his career was made somewhat stormy by conflicts with those who pirated his work or accused him of piracy. At one time or another his priority of discovery was disputed in the matter of the telescope, sunspots, Saturn's Rings and other researches, sometimes with some show of justice, sometimes not so. As a controversialist he, quite reasonably, hit hard, and left his enemies smarting. At the end of his term of office he was re-appointed after a bitter discussion about his stipend. He may have been entirely in the right. Still, it was another row. So he continued, working with brilliance and success, gaining enthusiastic admirers and discomfited enemies. Kepler admired him and sent him a present of his *Mysterium Cosmographicum*.

It was at the end of 1613 that Galileo received a letter from one of his followers, a priest named Castelli, lately elected mathematical professor at Pisa where he was prevented by the Aristotelian faction from expounding Copernicus. Castelli asked for an opinion on a point that had arisen at the Grand Duke's table, when Boscaglia, a peripatetic, had raised the issue of the apparent conflict between Copernican doctrine and Scripture. Galileo, in a most able reply, said in effect that Holywrit was not a textbook of astronomy or a scientific treatise and did not therefore employ scientific language, but set forth its truths in popular terms comprehensible by the unscientific and scientific alike; that

there was as much difficulty in reconciling the Ptolemaic as the Copernican systems with the expressions of Scripture; that as all interpreters were liable to err, the apparent conflict of Scriptural statements with observed phenomena was due to error of interpretation; and since both Scripture and the evidence of the senses demonstrated truths, there could be no real conflict, as a better understanding and increased knowledge must reveal. In this he was expressing an opinion later voiced by Cardinal Bellarmine, Saint and Doctor of the Church, and amply confirmed more recently by Pope Leo XIII.

Castelli proudly made public the contents of Galileo's letter. Galileo's enemies obtained a copy of it and denounced him to the Holy Office for meddling in theological matters outside his province, though it was not Galileo who had raised the theological issue but his enemies. Charges were flung about wildly by both sides, statements by Galileists were misunderstood and grossly exaggerated until they were certainly heresy.

The first denunciation to the Holy Office, made by Lorini, "ringleader of all the local intrigues against Galileo," resulted in a report to the effect that although some passages in the letter looked ill, they were capable of being taken in a good sense, and on the whole the document did not deviate from Christian doctrine. Galileo, aware that backstairs influences were at work against him, sent up a correct copy of his letter for a friend to show to responsible persons; he received a reply, inspired by Cardinals del Monte and Bellarmine, encouraging him to continue his work, but hinting that he should be cautious, and leave theology to those fully qualified and publicly approved so as not to give his enemies opportunities. Ciampoli wrote to him, adding Cardinal Barberini's tip to the same effect. Prince Cesi also suggested that too hasty an insistence on Copernican doctrine would end in its prohibition.

In the middle of 1615 Galileo published an apologetic treatise, addressed to the Grand Duchess, in amplification of his letter to Castelli. This, though moderate in tone, stirred up his enemies to fresh activity. Towards the end of the year he went of his own accord to Rome. Guicciardini, the Grand Duke's Ambassador in Rome, tried to get him back to Florence for his own sake. He wrote to the Grand Duke that "Galileo has chosen to follow his own opinion rather than that of his friends. Cardinal del Monte and I, besides many Cardinals, have endeavoured to persuade him to be quiet and make no more stir in this matter . . . he fires up in defence of his opinions, and has small strength or prudence wherewith to control himself, so that he renders this climate of Rome extremely dangerous to himself." Of course Galileo had every right to defend his opinions, even vigorously, but we are assured that "unfortunately his warm, and perhaps too solicitous efforts" caused trouble. The upshot of the contest at this time was that on February 26th, 1616, he was summoned before Cardinal Bellarmine, at the instance of the Holy Office, and admonished to relinquish the Copernican doctrine and not to teach it verbally or in writing, though the authenticity of the second part of the injunction is questioned. A few days later Copernicus's work *De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium,* was suspended until corrected. The corrections, of a trivial nature, were made under the supervision of Cardinal Gaetani, in 1620, after which the book could be read and its doctrines held and taught, *ex hypothese*—not as fact. This point is important, as we shall see later. Galileo was received by the Pope (Paul V) after the decree, expressed his fears about the calumnies of his enemies, and was reassured by the Pope, according to his own account, that he had nothing to fear and that he was held in the highest esteem. Rumours got round that he had been forced to abjure and submit to penances, whereupon he obtained

a certificate to the contrary from Cardinal Bellarmine. The Grand Duke urged him to leave Rome and "let sleeping dogs lie." Eventually he did so and returned to Florence.

In 1619 in a discussion on comets (of which his opinion was erroneous) Galileo roused Grassi, a Jesuit, mathematician to the Roman College, who replied with unnecessary vigour and abuse. The result was Galileo's "Il Saggiatore" (1623), with a Papal *Imprimatur*, which trounced Grassi soundly and roused him and his friends to such fury that they denounced the book to the Inquisition in an attempt to have it suppressed; Stelluti urged Galileo not to demean himself by answering Grassi; Ciampoli advised him against angering the Jesuits and deeply regretted that he had not let off Grassi more lightly. At this time Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, long the friend and ardent admirer of Galileo, became Pope Urban VIII, and he received the dedication of "Il Saggiatore" with great pleasure.

So Galileo continued, inventing, discovering, theorizing, and crushing the peripatetics. He was often right, sometimes wrong, always ingenious and a skilful and forceful dialectician. He retained influential friends and influential enemies, and his progress increased both friendship and enmity. In 1624 he was in Rome and had frequent friendly interviews with the Pope, who was affable enough and discussed the Copernican theory with him, but did not modify the position of 1616, though he later expressed his disapproval of the decree. Urban told Cardinal Zoller that the Church had not condemned the Copernican theory as heretical, but only as rash, still wanting adequate proof. It was at this time Galileo wrote a reply to Ingoli, a critic of the Copernican theory, and the Pope was greatly pleased with it.

In 1630 Galileo concluded his great work, the "Dialogue on the Two Systems," just after some trouble with the University about his salary. He anticipated difficulty in publishing it, although the highest authorities

seemed more favourable. In due course it was made known that Urban would not object to publication provided that the misleading title of "Dialogues on the Flux and Reflux of the Tides" was changed to make it clear that the discussion was really on the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems, and that the discussion was on a hypothetical basis, and finally that an argument against Copernicus, suggested by the Pope, was inserted to preserve the balance. After various complications the book received the *Imprimatur* in Florence and was printed there. It was a very lively and cogent argument for the Copernican theory, for although the condition that it be treated hypothetically was nominally observed (but not more than that), an incongruous preface referring to the "salutary edict" of 1616 was inserted, and the Pope's argument was put into the mouth of "Simplicius," as were all the less intelligent criticisms of the Copernican System.

Then his enemies bestirred themselves. They persuaded the Pope that Simplicius was meant for him, and it certainly looked like it, although Galileo protested that he had used the name only as that of the commentator on Aristotle. They so moved matters that the Pope appointed a special commission to examine the book, "instead of handing the affair at once to the Inquisition." The commission found that (1) Galileo had transgressed orders in deviating from the hypothetical standpoint, by maintaining *decidedly* that the earth moves and that the sun is stationary; (2) he had erroneously ascribed the phenomena of the tides to the stability of the sun and the motion of the earth; (3) he had been deceitfully silent about the command laid upon him in 1616, not to hold or teach verbally or in writing the Copernican view of the universe. Whether these findings were wise and just or not, the affair was handed over to the Inquisition on the strength of them. Galileo was charged to appear at Rome. He pleaded illness and produced a medical certificate. The Pope and the Holy

Office replied that they neither could nor would tolerate further evasions "since he had brought this trouble upon himself," and so he proceeded to Rome. There, instead of being put into the prison of the Holy Office, he was allowed to stay at the Tuscan Embassy, under "open arrest."

On April 12th, 1633, Galileo appeared for his first examination. He denied that he had "maintained or defended that the earth moves and that the sun is stationary, but on the contrary had demonstrated the opposite and shown the arguments of Copernicus to be weak and inconclusive." In face of the Dialogues themselves, he withdrew from this position on his second examination and said that on re-reading his Dialogues he saw that he had given those arguments greater force than he intended—a discreet if hardly sincere statement. As for the command of 1616 he said he knew of none except that as recorded in Bellarmine's certificate, and that if, as the Inquisitor asserted, a more stringent command had been laid upon him "not to teach verbally or in writing," the Copernican doctrines, he did not remember it. Opinion has been divided as to whether the phrase was a forged insertion of later date. At any rate, in due course, possibly under pressure, he withdrew from that position also, and admitted that he had begun to write the Dialogues about 1620-22. Finally the Inquisition found that Galileo had rendered himself "grievously suspected of heresy," he was ordered to abjure the doctrines he had maintained contrary to the previous decree, namely that "the sun is the centre of the world and immovable and the earth is not the centre and movable." The Inquisitors in their excitement went so far as to declare that the first part of the doctrine was "absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical because it is expressly contrary to the Holy Scriptures," and that the second part, referring to the earth, is also "absurd, philosophically false, and theologically considered, at least erroneous in faith."

Of course, they were wrong. Nevertheless the leading authorities are agreed that the infallibility was not involved, and that the Church was not committed to this error. We may observe, in view of the distinction made between the statements about the sun and the earth, that the sun is not now regarded as fixed and immovable though it does not move by any means as the Inquisition supposed. It is important to remember further that some of the proofs on which Galileo laid great stress were bad, and indeed the real proof of the Copernican hypothesis had to wait for Newton. Galileo adduced the tides as evidence; but he was quite wrong on the causes of the tides and ridiculed Kepler, who was nearer the truth. According to this argument "upon which he mainly relied" there should be only one tide a day, whereas even the most stupid Inquisitor could see that there were two. Then again, the parallax, which Galileo agreed should be observable, was not. He guessed correctly why not, but the failure to observe parallax was another grave difficulty to his proofs of the motion of the earth.

After the proceedings had concluded, Cardinal Bellarmine stated that if adequate proof of the earth's motion were forthcoming it would be necessary to revise the accepted interpretation of Scripture rather than declare that to be false which was properly demonstrated.

We may observe that it is agreed that "Urban VIII and many high dignitaries of the Church were, if anything, Copernicans (they certainly were not Ptolemaists, and hardly even peripatetics), while others were indifferent and cared little one way or the other." The Copernican view was openly taught and defended in Rome without interference. Of the ten Cardinals who should have signed the Condemnation of Galileo, seven only signed and one of these, Bentivoglio, reluctantly. None of the proceedings was countersigned by the Pope, though presumably approved by him.

As for the personal treatment of Galileo, it is agreed that it was "unprecedented for its considerateness . . Since the establishment in 1215 of this dreadful tribunal, no prisoner had ever been treated with such leniency." During the proceedings, "contrary to custom," Galileo writes, "three large and comfortable rooms have been assigned to me" (in the quarters of the Procurator-Fiscal, instead of the prison). He was allowed his servant, his own food and free correspondence. He was not "thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition," nor was he "put to torture."

He was sentenced to abjure (which he wisely did), to be imprisoned in the formal prison of the Holy Office, to say the Seven Penitential Psalms once a week for three years, and his book was prohibited. His "imprisonment" was commuted to banishment to the "palace and gardens of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Trinita dei Monti," and after five months he was back in his own vila near Florence, though still nominally a prisoner. He continued his scientific work and writing, expanded his Dialogues further to include Dialogues on Motion. His sight began to fail, from natural causes, in 1636 and he became totally blind at the end of 1637. He died in 1642, aged 78, fortified by the last rites of the Church and the benediction of Pope Urban VIII. He had received a papal pension of 100 crowns for the last twelve years, throughout the proceedings against him. Nor was it granted because he was destitute, which he never was.

The foregoing facts are taken from anti-papal, scientific, and other authorities who can be readily acquitted of any pro-church or anti-Galileo bias. They are not disputed by the most anti-Christian writers who have studied the subject. They have been easily accessible for over thirty years. Without hearing a word of the other side of the case, it is at least clear that for polemical purposes either against the Christian Church, the Papacy, theologians in general, or the deductive schools, or as an asset to the rationalist school of

scientists, to cite the "case of Galileo" may be taken as proof of culpable and invincible ignorance of the facts of that case.

With the invincibly ignorant, the opinion of Thomas Henry Huxley that the Pope and Cardinals had the better of the argument with Galileo, will naturally carry no weight; nor will the observation of Professor Whitehead, of Harvard: "In a generation which saw the Thirty Years war and remembered Alva in the Netherlands, the worst that happened to men of science was that Galileo suffered an honourable detention and a mild reproof, before dying peacefully in bed."

A Prison in France

By R. C. Hutchinson

IN a day when all men are interested in a thing called "psychology"—a bastard science, derived from an advanced physiology and an imperfect understanding of elementary metaphysics—it is important that I should state the exact circumstances of the adventure which I here relate. I will therefore give such details as occur to me to have any possibility of latent importance, in order that my reader may have a precise understanding of what I will term the "cerebral" background of the adventure. I will then leave him to seek for the complex impulses, the Freudian motives, the cross-currents of subconscious desires, which go to explain my story; and to discover in the end that there is no more to be revealed than what his great-grandfather could have told him in a few simple sentences.

I was at Tours, or to be exact, I was at Tours by day and in a village called Menanastres, some six miles to the north of it, at night. To rest in this quiet place I deemed more suitable for a holiday than abiding in the town itself, where I might have found my bedroom overlooking a large garage; for I regarded this fortnight as a holiday, even though the first four hours of each day were spent in forced confinement in a stuffy library with six Frenchmen, a professor from Gottingen, and a Swede.

This reunion of all the imbeciles, as I myself regarded it, was called officially a Grande Conférence Economique d'Eté; its purpose was to solve, by one gigantic salvo of concentrated argument, the problem of population in France. I was a member of the circle by virtue of having studied, for a dozen years or so, the cotton trade generally, and, particularly, the problems of Manchester. My colleagues had wished to co-opt someone who might be styled an economist proper, as opposed to a eugenist who dabbled in economics; moreover, a streak of cosmopolitanism suggested that it would be well to have an Englishman to set off the Swede, whose claim to distinction in

the science of population rested on the fact that he had successfully transposed the brains of two living dormice, and the German, who was able to read Das Kapital in the original, though he could make nothing of it. The Frenchmen had all been sociologists practically from birth. They had read Adam Smith and Plato and Marie Stopes throughout. Their unanimity upon the subject in hand was devastating. My only real usefulness was in interpreting the professor, who spoke no French, to the Frenchmen, who did not understand German. The Swede spoke no recognized language, but uttered occasional remarks in Esperanto, which the delegate from Gottingen very laboriously translated into English.

It may easily be imagined that I could have had no better rest cure than those daily sessions, when I sat in a deep chair with the warm sunshine falling through the high window to bathe my face, listening, only half awake, to the melodiously uttered discourse of my fellow sociologists. They spoke in turn, and at great length. Their voices rose at times with the hollow passion of the rhetorician who, with one eye on his watch, exactly times the beginning of his furious peroration. With a dramatic intent no less obvious they allowed their voices to fall, and this, when the sun was hot, occurred much more frequently. Their voices seemed always to be falling. flowing for a time in gentle undulations and then falling again. I would stir myself, now and then, to remind my colleagues that, in considering the production of wealth, it was necessary to remember certain laws which governed the relations of supply and demand. They listened with exquisitely polite attention, but could not altogether conceal a relief even greater than my own, when I sat down again and left the field clear for one of themselves. Then Monsieur R—— of the Académie would say again how right Monsieur D—— of the Sorbonne had been; that the population of France was declining; that the soil was remaining untilled; that the population of France must be made to increase again, but that the new France

must come only from a certain section of the population actual; that this section was none other than the —— (a word which I could never quite catch). Here a murmur of approval would go round the circle, belatedly caught up by the foreigners; Monsieur F—— would rise to emphasize the importance of what Monsieur D—— had said. And promptly at three o'clock we rose together, agreed with each other that the day's work had been successful and promising, and shook each other's hands. The thirty-six handshakes took a few minutes, but I was usually able to catch an autobus scheduled to leave the market place at three o'clock precisely. The labours for which I was receiving a generous "expenses allowance" were then over until the following morning.

My autobus took me to a point on the main road from which I had a walk of two miles or so across the fields to Menanastres, a walk which served to rid my senses and almost my memory of the cobwebs of the Conférence and the exhaust fumes of the autobus. My snug little inn, which seemed to have taken on permanently the colour of the sun that was for ever shining upon it, was an unpretentious hostelry, or, more exactly, it had nothing about it but pretentiousness. Pierre Gonzare, after his brief first and last visit to Paris, had become fired with commercial zeal, and he advertised his establishment in a Tours newspaper as being equipped with garage, bain chaud, and cuisine moderne. The only one of these advanced conveniences which I discovered was the bain, and the water, though it may have been extremely chaud, never ventured to pass through the rusty tap. But the place suited me well enough. It was old. My room, which must have been reserved for special guests in the days when the aristocracy rested at country inns, was equipped with a huge oak bedstead and a feather mattress. The fare, if simple to the point of barbarism, was well cooked and served hot. The servant—there was only one—was a pattern of grave rusticity. The place had the air of having fallen asleep many years

before, never to wake again, unless some explorer from the other side discovered and invaded it with a hideous paraphernalia of cameras and arc lamps.

It was here that, when the learned siesta of the day was over, I slept, and drank vin ordinaire, and read Trollope, and started off for long tramps which usually turned out to be lazy hours in woods, too enchanting to be passed by. I find it hard to believe that in those days, when I breathed fresh air and slept long and woke eager for my early morning walk, there existed something which may be accounted the prelude of my adventure. True, I was alone, except when I discoursed with Pierre upon the severity of the past winter; but I was not introspective. The fields, the sunshine, and Trollope were sufficient matter for my reposeful thoughts. The world was too new and appealing to allow my own soul to rival it as a subject of meditation. I was animal, and I was happy.

As to the evening itself—the evening which I shall never forget—I was spending it as I had spent previous evenings, sprawling on a sofa in my room; I had walked far that day, and had propped up my tired legs on two pillows taken from the bed, cushions being a refinement which Pierre had not noticed in Paris. I had had a fire lit, as a cold wind had come with the darkness and was penetrating the badly-fitted windows; it was, besides, a piece of self-indulgence which pleased me, for to light a fire on a chilly night in summer makes one feel that one is snatching the joys of two seasons. The servant had brought my candle, and in its flickering light I was reading a volume of Thomson, listening to the sing-song that the pages transmitted to my mind rather than paying any attention to the meaning of the words. I might have gone to bed early, but I preferred to exercise my eyes to deep weariness, enjoying my pipe the while, and then, stripping quickly, to plunge beneath the sheets and at once into oblivion.

I was surprised, a little annoyed, perhaps, when

Pierre knocked heavily on the door and told me that a visitor wished to see me.

"A visitor! But who is this, Pierre?"

"I do not know, monsieur."

"A gentleman?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

I sighed, and said that the visitor had better be shown up. When he came I could not at once see who he was—my candle was not strong enough to light his face, and the only image I got was that of a tall figure, in a heavy motoring coat, looming rather terrifyingly against the wall of the passage, which was made yellow by the rays of a little oil lamp.

A deep voice said "Bon soir, monsieur!" and then I knew who it was.

M. Le Feuvre (as I shall call him) was the moving spirit of the Grande Conférence Economique, the only one of the Frenchmen who stood out from his fellows by reason of a quickness and energy of temper, a certain impatience, that made him seem less academic than they. He was not so in reality. His doctrines were the same, they had been derived in the same way, and his addresses were no nearer to real life than theirs. But his force of manner, the relentlessness with which he pursued his thesis, made it come from his lips as a live thing rather than a skeleton; I could almost believe that, had any power been given him, he would have put his creed into practice; that he would have forced a world in love with the irrational to wed a pious and unlovely rationalism. By the grace of Heaven, however, M. Le Feuvre was not taken seriously by the Chambre des Députés. He prided himself on his culture, did M. Le Feuvre, and, indeed, I could never find any flaw in the logic of his æsthetics. At our first meeting he explained music to me until music became mere mathematics. He could discuss Milton and Goethe with equal brilliance. He told me what Shakespeare might have learnt from Hugo, why Swift was a cynic, and what it was which made the

Alexandrine the perfect vehicle for the expression of human emotion. I was alarmed by the extent of his learning and terrified by the mechanics of his artistic appreciation. He could say to a single canvas how much of Botticelli's work was good, how much was indifferent, and how much was definitely poor; and if he gained pleasure from any of Botticelli's pictures it was from the definitely poor ones, since these gave the most scope for his critical acumen. I have met no other man whose soul seemed so indisputably to be made of granite.

He came to me across the room, this giant of the Philistines, and greeted me with warmth. "I have a little treat for you, monsieur," he said. "You will come, will you not?"

I hesitated for a moment. It was nice of the fellow to be so friendly, but what kind of treat could he offer me? Was some deplorable company giving a performance of Racine, hideously cut? Or must I make that seven-mile journey into Tours simply to eat veal and garlic at the newest restaurant while Le Feuvre, fork in one hand and toothpick in the other, talked sociology at me across the table?

"But how kind of monsieur!" I said, for there was no escape. "May I ask what the treat is to be?"

"It is first—a little drive in my so smooth and swift automobile," he answered mysteriously. "And then—something which will greatly interest you."

Cursing the hospitable instincts of the French, I put on my coat and followed him down the stairs. His automobile was indeed—as far as one could judge from appearances—both smooth and swift. It was long and low, very beautiful in line. I eyed it suspiciously, as it stood purring almost imperceptibly beneath the light of the swinging doorway lamp. It was like Le Feuvre himself, that car, irresistible and without feeling. The contempt with which it ignored my beautiful inn, casting the glance of its huge cold eyes straight along the road, was hardly more chilling than its master's oblivious

demeanour as he strode across the flags upon which travellers had stood three centuries before. As we passed out he allowed the door to swing and slam behind us. He half imagined, I believe, that it would be fitted with a compression-silencer.

We spoke little as we drove. Le Feuvre held his lips together in a smile, childishly enjoying the fact that he had a surprise in store for me. My silence he no doubt attributed to a curiosity so burning as to leave me bereft of speech; or perhaps he considered me just a stupid Englishman and left it at that. But in reality I was silent from pure laziness. It was warm in the car—the machine must have been fitted with every kind of patent radiator—and I was comfortable. Since I could not be in bed, or drowsing over Thomson before my pleasant fire, this was at least a second-best, provided that I did not have to worry my wits into the alertness required for conversation with an eminent sociologist. I did not even wonder in what direction we were going. Wondering, indeed, would have been of little use. We had turned several times, whether right or left I had forgotten, and were now running at a furious speed down one of the long, straight roads that might have been anywhere in France or Spain. I sacrificed at the altar of sociability with occasional praise of the car—remarks which were bound to gratify the owner and which went so easily into French.

"It is most comfortable, your automobile!"

"Yes, it is not so bad."

"And so silent."

"You think so?"

"It must be very powerful."

"Indeed, yes, it has all the power I require"

It was not until we had travelled, according to my rough estimation, some fifteen miles, that my friend vouchsafed to enlighten me.

"Can you guess where I take you?" he asked suddenly.

I could not; I did not add that I had not even tried.

"It is to a prison."

"To prison?"

"Ah, no, no, my friend! Do not alarm yourself. Not to prison. To *a* prison."

So sleepy was I that it was some time before the meaning of this distinction dawned upon me.

"My ordinary friends," he went on, "I give them a little dinner and I take them to the theatre or to the motion-pictures. They have no *esprit*, those others. But you, you are a man of learning. I take you to something better, something that will be of interest. It is what you call an experiment, this prison of mine. I am the owner, you see. I am in complete charge of the prisoners."

At this moment we left the main road, and after running for half a mile along a lane so deeply pitted that even Le Feuvre's thoroughbred could not entirely absorb the shocks before they reached us, we swung left again into a carriage drive. There was no lodge at the gate, nor any sign of a guard. Two minutes later our headlamps, sweeping round, gave me a momentary glimpse of a huge, stone château.

"A very old place, this!" was Le Feuvre's only comment as he brought the car to a standstill beneath a massive portico.

The door opened, as though automatically, as we stepped out of the car, and a man in uniform saluted as we passed inside. The door was carefully bolted behind us.

"Come upstairs," said Le Feuvre, so briskly that for a moment I had the idea that the Grande Conférence Economique intended to reduce its membership. But he added, more pleasantly, "You shall have a little drink. There is wine in my office."

The interior of the château was like a museum; the staircase, made of stone and twenty feet wide at the bottom, divided to left and right, the arms leading up to

a long corridor which extended both ways. The floor of that corridor was polished, and shone beneath suspended gas lamps. The walls were so tall that the ceiling was deep in shadow. Two guards were pacing up and down, one at each end, and their feet ringing on the boards sent the echoes travelling weirdly up and down the length of it. I felt that I would rather be in a common dungeon in the Newgate of the Middle Ages than in such a prison as this. The vastness and coldness horrified me. Something in the place confused my vision as mirrors will do, though I do not think that there were any mirrors; and I could not judge how far away were the doors at the ends. We paused at the top of the stairs and one of the guards, coming towards us, seemed to grow larger with absurd rapidity. He came quite close, so that I, still feeling as if I had found my way into the Louvre after hours, had an impulse to tip him. But he turned, and retreating, grew smaller as quickly as he had become enormous.

"They are unnecessary really," said Le Feuvre (I was glad to hear him speak), "but they give the place the correct air."

He led me off to the left, and we seemed to walk for miles along the corridor, pursued by the echoes of our own footsteps.

"These are the prisoners' dormitories," he remarked, pointing to doors on both sides. "They are there all the time, for exercise is voluntary and nobody takes any. If I have done nothing else I have proved one thing—that man is a lazy animal. He will do nothing unless he is made to do it."

We had reached the end of the corridor at last, and opening a door with a key he led me into an office, a small room so heavily loaded with the impedimenta of business that there was no room for any comfortable chairs. I sat down in a revolving desk-chair, feeling very uncomfortable, for a desk-chair makes a man look foolish who would be at his ease and sociable. Le Feuvre

brought wine from a little cupboard on top of the office safe.

" You must understand," he said, " that this is in the nature rather of a clearing-house than of a prison in the ordinary sense; though there are some inmates whom we never clear."

I did not care in the least whether it was a clearing-house, a lunatic asylum, or a post office.

" Indeed! That is most interesting! " I said. " In our country we have no such clearing-houses."

Le Feuvre ignored my remark.

" Yes," he said slowly, " there are some whom we do not clear. And those that I do not think it well to release—those are the ones that cry most to get out. They are the only ones who are not completely lazy. It is most troublesome."

" It is a matter for your discretion entirely? " I asked.

" Yes. There are some that I think better kept here. They are not strong enough for the world outside—lame, some of them, and diseased; but most of them merely a little touched in the head. They are eccentric; they all think differently, and they want to pass on their mental disease and to paint pictures of things that should not be painted at all. I have a great deal of trouble with them, because they are always escaping, in spite of my precautions. But I will not make your mind sore with the sight of these strange ones. You shall see rather one who is about to be released. You will see what a promising fellow it is."

In an adjoining room a telephone bell rang at that moment, and Le Feuvre went to answer it, passing through a door marked " Private." Hardly had this door closed behind him when another on the opposite side of the room opened, and a boy came in. He was dark-headed, well-built, and of good features, but he had nothing about him which would have distinguished him at once from a group of other French boys of the school-leaving age. What I myself noticed, as the light

of a gas burner threw his face into sharp perspective, was a certain simplicity of expression and a look of deep drowsiness.

He did not appear to see me at first, and when he did he stared closely at me for several seconds, blinking, as if his eyes were not yet accustomed to the light. Suddenly he gave a little cry.

"You have not come to take me away?" he asked, his lips trembling.

I could hear Le Feuvre's voice, as he hurled staccato sentences into the telephone in the next room. "What is that? Ah, yes, she combats. She combats strongly. That is good. Ah! brave woman! True daughter of France!"

"Certainly not," I told the boy. "I am only a visitor to the prison."

Le Feuvre came back, and the moment the boy saw him he fell to his knees.

"Monsieur!" he said, his voice sounding as if someone were gripping his throat, "you will not send me away? You cannot, I am so happy here."

A paternal gentleness came over Le Feuvre at once.

"Now, now, my little Georges, you must not weep. You have a great thing before you, a fine thing, to work for beautiful France."

"I care nothing for France," the boy replied. "I want only to be restful here, where I am sure of always having enough to eat and to drink."

A look of anger crossed Le Feuvre's face, but it was gone in a moment.

"Come now!" he said, still in the same gentle tone, "you do not realize how much happiness there is in store for you. You know nothing of the world. How can you be afraid of that which you do not know at all? Our friend here, though he is a foreigner, will tell you something of the magnificence of France, which he loves almost as I do."

I did not want to say anything, for at that moment I

loathed Le Feuvre. But in the corridor outside I could hear the guard pacing—and, besides, I felt that to say something was the least I could do for Georges.

"Perhaps I myself do not understand France," I said slowly, "for we English are not of a temper that can understand it. But I know that it is very beautiful—so beautiful that it draws us away even from our own Yorkshire moors and our Cotswold Hills and our majestic valley of the Thames. It has a warmth which we cannot find even in the lanes of Sussex, a richness of its own which equals even the richness of our chessboard landscapes. The long roads and the tiny inns, the simple peasants in their cottages, they stay where they are in France, and we, who should possess such things, see them ever retreating before the rush of our own advance. There is a clearness in the air, a freshness in the dawn——"

The boy had listened attentively, though plainly without any understanding, as I had picked my way through words I did not know too well, trying, I believe, for the first time, to embody in language the feeling which was my France, and which would not allow itself to be embodied. But here he cut me short with another burst of passionate weeping.

"I do not know what you say," he jerked out between his sobs, "but I believe that you are only deceiving me. I know—I have heard—that it will only be fighting out there."

"But, my dear boy," said Le Feuvre, "the days of fighting are over. We do not have wars now."

The boy would not listen.

"You cannot be certain that there will be no wars. And if there are none, there will be other fighting, fighting for position, and perhaps for bread; fighting for something which is old and useless, or perhaps for life, which we do not want; fighting to please the old men who want this world of yours kept as it always has been, hard and miserable and full of fatigue."

Le Feuvre's patience was ended, but he did not give

his anger full rein. Only his benevolence fell from him, giving place to a terrible sternness. He seized the boy's wrist.

"See!" he said coldly. "You are lazy. You must be made to do something. In time it will become less painful for you—you will realize that there is no joy but the joy of striving, no pleasure that has not been won by pain; if, when you have striven, you find that pleasure is still out of your grasp, you will strive again; you will fight and fight until you are overwhelmed, because you must obey a law which tells you to go forward. And you will not be alone, for there is a sweet fellowship in strife. There is a beauty in sharing defeat with your fellows. The wine may be sour, but you will drink because they drink it, drink it until the cup is empty, because then you will have shown your courage. Yes, courage, that is the thing which alone has beauty; we have made it beautiful, we that have lived for a thousand thousand years, I who live to-day, you who will live to-morrow. We cannot let our courage be defeated. Come now!"

A door opened—a door I had noticed before, opposite the one by which we had entered the room. It must have led to an outside staircase. Two men stood against the darkness outside, their figures stiff in the position of attention. Le Feuvre addressed them.

"Are you ready?"

"All is ready, m'sieu."

The boy pulled away from Le Feuvre, but was sharply tugged back. Opening his mouth as wide as he could, he uttered one sharp cry, which seemed to be echoed by the black waste outside. Then, in silence, scarcely resisting, he was led away.

Le Feuvre turned to me, but his face was no longer clear. A mist hung in front of it, distorting the features, making it come and go, grow larger and smaller in swift succession, as the figures of the guards had done.

"That is number 12753," he said. I heard his voice as coming from a great distance, but in a whisper only.

"I am sorry for him, I am sorry for all of them, those souls which hate to be born. But we cannot think of individual men. We must think of France." His voice came nearer again, and, ceasing to be a whisper, grew shrill. "France must have its men," he cried. "I do not care whether the souls fear the world or no."

The room was swinging round, slowly, the furniture keeping its position but rising and falling a little. By following it round with my eyes I could still distinguish the open door through which the boy had been taken. I looked out after him, peering deep into the darkness to see where he had gone. But I saw nothing, only a murky void, until, straining my eyes again, I saw a candle which flickered in the wind, and seemed to go out, and then grew bright again.

When the Conférence assembled next morning M. Le Feuvre took me aside for a moment. He seemed greatly excited.

"My other colleagues know it already," he whispered. "I must tell you. The work is complete, yes, finished. Since we rose yesterday I do not sleep, no, not at all. I cease working hardly for meals. I am in my room. No one must disturb. I write and write, as the hands of the clock go round and round. And now it is complete, the draft of the motion which I bring before the Chambre. It is complete, and there is no loophole. When it is the law of France, France will prosper, for my motion provides that the people of France will increase, and go on increasing, until the fields are tilled again. You will like to see the draft, perhaps, yes? It is the fruit of my labour of many hours. Last night I do not sleep. . . ."

I took the draft, though I had no wish to read it.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE chief event on the international stage during the past few weeks has been the General Election in Germany, of which the results were as foreshadowed in this REVIEW in July. The Nazis became by far the strongest single party, but they did not gain an absolute majority in the new Reichstag, which is thus likely to prove as ineffective as the old one. For the rest, the smaller parties were annihilated, the Socialists lost a great deal of ground, the Centre maintained its position, and the Communists did a great deal better than had been expected.

The immediate problem is the composition of the administration, and the reform of the Constitution. That Nazi participation in the Government in some way is inevitable is generally agreed, but the form it shall take is at the moment of writing still a matter of dispute between the President, the Chancellor, and Herr Hitler himself. In any event, unless a dictatorship is to be established, the co-operation of the Centre must be obtained, and that party has both a Left and a Right wing, of which the former inclines to the Socialists, and the latter to the Nationalists.

The reform of a Constitution which permits such a state of affairs was obviously overdue, and the Government's proposal for the establishment of single-member constituencies, the creation of a strong Second Chamber, and the raising of the voting age, should go a long way towards improving the political state of Germany. It is also understood that it is intended to revert to the pre-revolution arrangement by which the Prime Minister of Prussia was automatically Imperial Chancellor. As for the restoration of the monarchy, there is no intention of undertaking it immediately, and it will probably prove to be the coping-stone, rather than the foundation, of the new Reich.

German Foreign Policy

NAZI influence is likely to be felt before long in the attitude of Germany towards international problems. At the forthcoming World Economic Conference the German representatives are certain to be found among the opponents of gold, and they will probably be ready to lend a sympathetic ear to those who advocate bi-metallism. Herr Hitler himself is believed to favour the establishment of some new form of currency based upon the national wealth, while in the matter of German trade he wishes to see it controlled by the State through the granting of import licences.

The various conferences which have taken place this year have left German public opinion nervous, and there is a belief that France is deliberating seeking to embroil Russia and Japan in order to strengthen the hands of Poland against Germany. The recent Russo-Polish convention is adduced as proof of this, and is compared with the conclusion of the Triple Entente in 1907, which permitted Russia to concentrate the bulk of her troops on the German frontier. This time it is maintained that the process has been reversed, and for the benefit of the Poles.

At the same time it is in the highest degree unlikely that German diplomacy will spring any surprises upon Europe in the near future, unless a rupture with the League of Nations be included in this category. Rather will there be the utilization of every opportunity to regain what was lost in 1918, and it is not altogether improbable that the question of the restoration of a colony or two may be raised. Otherwise, progress will be along the same lines as of recent years, though the Nazi influence will probably be felt in the quickening of the *tempo*.

The Chaco Dispute

ALTHOUGH the British Press has for the most part displayed an unfortunate tendency to be facetious

in the matter of the present dispute between Bolivia and Paraguay, there is a good deal that is of real importance at stake. The Chaco Boreal is a district of some hundred thousand square miles in area, that is to say roughly the size of Great Britain, lying between the Pilcomayo and Paraguay Rivers, and it is inhabited for the most part by tribes of wandering Indians, though four years ago a number of Mennonite immigrants arrived from Canada. The Bolivian Government bases its claim to this region on the ground that, in the days of Spanish rule, it formed part of the *audiencia* of Charcas, in which Bolivia itself was included, while Paraguay relies upon the right created by long occupation.

Behind all this lies the fact that since 1879 Bolivia has been deprived of any direct outlet to the sea, and the possession of the Chaco Boreal would go a long way towards removing this disability. Moreover, there is a good deal of North American capital invested in Bolivia, so that Washington has no inconsiderable interest in the furtherance of that country's claim, which, if successful, would greatly facilitate its development. On the other hand, Argentina, handicapped as she is by her lack of fuel, is casting longing eyes upon the water-power which is running to waste in Paraguay, and, although she has no desire for political control of that State, it is essential to her future prosperity that this supply of water-power should not be interrupted. It is felt in Buenos Aires that this might not prove to be the case were the Paraguayan rivers to be run by North American capital under the nominal overlordship of distant La Paz, and this feeling has prompted the recent declaration of Argentina that she will not recognize any forcible alteration of the *status quo*.

The Real Danger

IT will thus be seen that more is at issue between Paraguay and Bolivia than the possession of a few hundred miles of swamp infested with the vampire bats,

cannibal fish, and enormous serpents with which a section of the Press has made our flesh creep. In December, 1928, war was within an ace of breaking out between the two countries, and it was prevented, not by the League of Nations, but by the combined efforts of five other Latin-American States. On the present occasion popular feeling has risen higher, both in La Paz and in Asuncion, than in 1928, and if hostilities do not take place it will be due rather to the difficulty of obtaining credit than to the pacific counsels of other Powers.

In the existing state of the New World it is sincerely to be hoped that a conflict will be avoided, for there is no telling where it would end. The shadow of Bolshevism hangs over every Latin-American country, and Communism thrives upon disorder. Mexico, already upon the worst of terms with Venezuela, one of the few orderly States in the world at the present time, has now broken off relations with Peru because, in the words of the latter's President, she has refused to become a Communist cell. Chile's future is still to seek, and it may well be that Bolshevism will eventually carry the day there.

The mistaken Liberalism of the Government of Uruguay has made that country the refuge of all who conspire against the peace of its neighbours, and they appear to be allowed to hatch their plots with impunity. Now Brazil has to face revolution in one of its provinces, and if war were to break out between Bolivia and Paraguay there would be very real danger indeed of Bolshevism sweeping the whole of that immense area that lies between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn. In fine, the critical condition of Latin-America to-day cannot be too strongly asserted.

The Spanish Revolt

THE attempted *coup* of General Sanjurjo was a very amateurish affair, and it is a matter of astonishment to all who know him that so distinguished a soldier

should have acted in so stupid a manner. He never seems to have been able to make up his mind whether he was for a monarchist restoration, or the establishment of a dictatorship on the Portuguese plan, and a few hours of his control convinced Seville that he was not the man to follow. In any event, the movement was premature, and it is significant that by far the ablest of the leaders of the Right, Gil Robles, was not implicated in it.

The generally accepted view is that Sanjurjo's failure will strengthen the existing Government, but, although it may momentarily have this effect, it is extremely doubtful if it will do so in the long run. It is more likely to give Señor Azaña and his colleagues a false feeling of security, and so to encourage them to follow those extreme courses which are rousing popular feeling against them. If James II had not crushed Monmouth so easily, he would probably not have thrown all discretion to the winds afterwards. A suppressed insurrection only strengthens an administration if its lesson is taken to heart.

The programme of the Right is to attain power as the result of another year's intensive propaganda, after which free elections will be held. By that time, these are certain to result in the return of an anti-Republican majority, which would then offer the throne to Don Juan. This is the end at which Gil Robles is undoubtedly aiming, and he is also desirous of devising such a Constitution as will enable the Corporate State to be established in the Peninsula. Precipitate action, such as that of General Sanjurjo, impedes, rather than furthers, this policy, and those who are most bitterly opposed to the Republic most deeply deplore the Seville *pronunciamiento*.

The Difficulties of the Republic

MEANWHILE the Republic is making increasingly heavier weather. The breach between Azaña and Lerroux is now definite, and the Socialists have

threatened to resort to violence sooner than tolerate an administration headed by the latter. As Lerroux is the recognized leader of the more moderate Republicans, this means that Azaña is being driven ever further to the Left. Already it is impossible to be at once a Republican and a good Catholic, and there can be little doubt but that the failure of Sanjurjo's revolt will provide an excuse for further measures against the Church. In this connection it is not without interest to note that the anti-clericals have begun to sack Protestant churches, thus proving that their enemy is not only Catholicism but all Christianity.

Señor Azaña has also displeased a great number of Republicans by his insistence upon the Cortes passing the Catalan Statute, which is most unpopular in Spain itself. It is, of course, the price which the Republic has to pay for Catalan help in the overthrow of the monarchy. The Right criticize it on the ground that the existing Cortes has no mandate to deal with such a measure, but a dissolution is out of the question, as it is doubtful if even now the Government could secure a majority in the event of an appeal to the country.

In the international field the situation is no better, though M. Herriot's visit will doubtless be exploited for all it is worth. Already the Spanish Government has had to furnish explanations to Italy with regard to one or two incidents, and M. Herriot is as much concerned with the pro-German attitude of some of the Spanish ministers as with the demonstration of Republican solidarity.

The Agrarian Trouble

ALL the other troubles of the Republic, however, pale into relative insignificance before the agrarian problem. It was the foremost question in the days of the monarchy, and it is not likely to be solved by the doctrinaire policy of the present Government.

The new agrarian law is modelled on the Russian

code which was drawn up in 1923. The right of private property is abolished, and the land becomes the property of the State. It is let out at an agreed rental to committees formed of the rural population all over the country for the purpose of organizing and directing the landed property assigned to each. These committees will determine whether the land is to be divided into allotments to be worked by different members of the local population, or whether it is to be worked by all as a whole. They will also buy the tools and agricultural implements necessary for the cultivation of the land, and will dispose of the produce derived from it.

The Spanish peasant is undoubtedly land-hungry, and it is one of the gravest reproaches against the monarchy that it made no attempt to settle the agrarian problem, but the application of a scheme that has broken down in Russia is hardly calculated to improve matters. The break-up of the big estate, as has been proved in all countries, only results in land going out of cultivation altogether, and the secret of success lies not in the abolition of the big estate but in its proper development. The Spanish Republic has clearly regarded the question from a political standpoint, and the results are already being felt in Andalusia, where distress on a wide scale has made the province a hot-bed of Communism, though, of course, it is the application of Bolshevist theories that is responsible for most of the trouble.

The Disarmament Farce

THE Disarmament Conference has adjourned until the autumn, and all that it has to show for six months' work is the completion of its agenda, and the reprobation of the bombing of open towns and of the use of asphyxiating gases in warfare, which, it is not without interest to note, the Powers first agreed to avoid at the Hague Conference of 1899.

In these circumstances there is widespread sympathy in all countries with the Italian refusal to be associated

with the memorandum which embodied these meagre proposals, and it is a matter for regret that Sir John Simon should have been so prominently connected with this document. Indeed, it is by no means improbable that the Fascist Grand Council will, at its next meeting, call upon the Italian Government to abstain from sending representatives to future conferences, and it may even insist upon the resignation of Italy from the League of Nations altogether. If this should happen, it is more than likely that Japan and Germany would take the same line, so that the break-up of the League before the end of the present year is a distinct possibility.

No effort has been made at Geneva to face facts, and it has been considered the hall-mark of able diplomacy to arrange for a future conference to which all the more contentious, i.e., the really important, problems before the present one can be referred. The collapse of the League would certainly have the effect of limiting the number of conferences, and although on account of its non-political work its demise would be regrettable, yet it would be a small price to pay for the absence of the recurring crises which is all that the conferences have so far produced.

King William IV

A Comic Interlude

By Oliver Warner

LOOKING backwards along the list of men and women who have occupied the throne of England, one sees a splendid diversity of creatures: saints, scholars, poets, sailors, soldiers, statesmen, wits, *bons viveurs*, murderers, and at least four women of character. In death as in life, all have had their share of attention: all with one curious exception, King William IV, within whose reign a very few still living were born.

The reason is simple. The English people have immense affection for the throne. As an institution, the throne has in times past survived the most extraordinary catastrophes: civil wars, usurpations, revolutions, and long and most merited unpopularity. For a century now past, affection has had its justification and reward, but it is seldom realized that in the 1830's books and cartoons were published which were of such monstrous offence towards the royal family as would to-day be unthinkable. He who doubts this fact has merely to glance at those books by Huish and Watkins which purport to be biographies of William IV, but which are oblique attacks on the whole family of George III.

If these, a short obituary brochure by a hack called Harding, a life by Wright, and a rambling miscellany by Fitzgerald be excepted, William has had no real biographers until to-day, the reason being largely one of respect for the institution of monarchy. While this sentiment has served admirable purpose, any possible cause for offence must now be so long past that a little examination of the character of William is excusable; for if as a King he was a cipher, as an individual he was, to say the least, extraordinary. To-day, in Miss Grace Thompson, he has a gallant champion. Her book *The*

Patriot King (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d. net) is careful, sympathetic, witty and even moving. It will be long ere he finds a kinder commentator.

But the fact about William IV is that he was a joke; one of the few consistent jokes in English history. Words like " bluff " and " hearty " and " well-meaning " spring to the memory about him from school text-books, but they miss the mark. That he was recognized as a joke in his lifetime is clear. Did not Mrs. Jordan, the actress for whom he conceived a very serious attachment when in the navy, play *The Humorous Lieutenant* to coincide with their liaison? Could it have been accidental?

William's early life is obscure, but, though it does not compare in interest to the years subsequent to his accession, it was by no means dull. His father, George III, had to provide employment for a large family, and William, the third son, was sent into the navy, where he actually saw fighting under Rodney, being present at the battle of Cape St. Vincent—the first, 1780—and at the relief of Gibraltar. Subsequently he served in the West Indies with Nelson, whom he always warmly befriended.

It is generous to interpret William's belief in Nelson as showing an ability to judge character, but it must be remembered that, though very young, Nelson, when William served with him on the West India station, was his superior officer. Nevertheless, his affection for him was marked and genuine. He was present at Nelson's marriage, indeed he actually gave away the bride, and his belief in him is at least of a piece with his belief, many years later, in his niece, the young Victoria.

His career afloat was abruptly broken at one point, for, upon being given command of a small ship, and ordered to an unpopular North American station, he cheerfully sailed home again across the Atlantic in rank disobedience of orders, and in a dangerous season, because he did not wish to winter on the other side. George III's displeasure at William's proceeding was

so severe that the young Prince was seldom afterwards independently employed. Indeed he soon retired from active service at sea, and seeking the seclusion of Bushey Park and the company of the generous and celebrated Mrs. Jordan, he proceeded to found a large family, which in later years he took pains to advance.

After the death of the Regent's daughter, Princess Charlotte, when William came within easy possibility of the throne, two other events of importance occurred. He was advanced in naval rank, eventually becoming Lord High Admiral, a post which he filled with the highest irregularity; and in 1818, in his fifty-fourth year, he married Adelaide, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. In the race for heirs with his brother, the Duke of Kent (who had married in the same year), he lost, for the children of his lawful marriage died: while the Duke of Wellington, in the interests of economy, relieved him of his Admiralty position after he had held it a very short time, and he retired once more to the Rangership of Bushey.

Although Mrs. Jordan died in Paris, some years after the separation, in poor circumstances, it is affecting to read (the authority is a Miss Clitherow, a personal friend of the Royal family), that Queen Adelaide, after William's death, chose as a memento from Windsor Castle a "picture from his own room of all the family. It was a singular picture, all the Fitz-Clarences grouped, and in the room Mrs. Jordan hanging a picture on the wall, the King's bust on a pedestal, and all strikingly alike . . . It shows a delicacy of feeling to her King which was beautiful." She adds: "It was a picture better out of sight for his memory."

Adelaide was a good deal more generous than other Royalties had been. One story relates that, on the question being raised of the reduction of Mrs. Jordan's allowance, the actress replied by enclosing in a letter a handbill bearing the legend: "No money returned after the rising of the curtain."

II

In 1830 died George IV, and he who had hitherto, despite his rank and marriage, lived in comparative obscurity, a sailor turned country gentleman, became King of England at the mature age of sixty-five and was so "excited at the exaltation" (wrote Greville) "that he nearly went mad, and distinguished himself by a thousand extravagances of language and conduct to the alarm or amusement of all." It is scarcely surprising. It is common experience that, however certainly good fortune may have been expected, its actuality *is* highly exciting; and the new King was an excitable person. "He is a good egg," it was said, "but a little cracked." Though in his conduct to Mrs. Jordan he may appear callous, he was never so much a "Prince of Blackguards," as Brougham called him, as a figure of fun, a Jack-in-the-Box.

He had no real training for kingship; no inherent dignity; an enormous flow of speech; a comical appearance—his head was "like a pineapple" said Greville—high spirits; a peppery temper; much irresponsibility; and a good deal of political prejudice which did not arise so much from thought as from habit. Although the Duke of Wellington, then the responsible Minister, said of him at first: "If I had been able to deal with my late master as I do with my present I should have got on a deal better," this accommodation to business was largely the result of ignorance. Service at sea had taught William punctuality, which was indeed an asset, but this, and his affability, were his two most positive qualities. The rest was consternation and laughter.

At George IV's funeral he behaved like a sergeant-major, shouting: "Generals, Generals, keep step, keep step! Admirals, keep step!" while "his first speech to the Council," says Greville, "was well enough given, but his burlesque character began even then to show itself. . . . He spoke of his (late) brother with all the semblance of feeling, and in a tone of voice properly softened and

subdued, but just afterwards, when they gave him the pen to sign the declaration he said in his usual tone: 'This is a damned bad pen you have given me!'" It must have been an odd meeting all through for: "Mr. James Buller began to swear Privy Councillors in the name of 'King George IV—William I mean,' to the great diversion of the Council." The mistake was scarcely surprising, since the sovereigns of England had borne the name of George for a hundred and sixteen years continuously.

On July 20, 1830, he inspected the Coldstream Guards, "dressed (for the first time in his life) in a military uniform, and with a great pair of gold spurs half-way up his legs like a game-cock, although he was not to ride, for having chalk-stones in his hands he can't hold the reins." Later in the day "he must needs put on his plainer clothes and start on a ramble about the streets; alone too. In Pall Mall he met Watson Taylor, and took his arm and went up St. James's Street. There he was soon followed by a mob making an uproar, and when he got near White's a woman came up and kissed him." This, though it disturbed his friends, did not upset him in the slightest. "Oh, never mind all this," he said. "When I have walked about a few times they will get used to it, and will take no notice." At a party a few days later he dismissed his guests thus: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you a goodnight. I will not detain you any longer from your amusements, and shall go to my own, which is to go to bed; so come along, my Queen!"

He sent his son George Fitzclarence post-haste from the dinner-table one day to Boulogne to invite his brother-in-law, the King of Würtemberg, to stay in England. They had a royal time. Greville was scandalized because William insisted on "dropping" his guest at Grillons Hotel after the ceremony ("The King of England *dropping* another King at a tavern!"), while another provided more protracted astonishment. On July 25, 1830, he announced his intention of dining with the

Duke of Wellington, but "in the morning he took the King of Würtemberg to Windsor, and just at the hour when the Duke was expecting him to dinner, he was driving through Hyde Park back from Windsor—three barouches and four, the horses dead knocked up, in front the two Kings, Jersey and somebody else, all covered with dust."

The meal itself must have been uproarious. The Kings proceeded to Apsley House arm in arm, the Duke following. When dinner was over William told the band to play the merriest waltz they knew, for the toast he was about to give was "The Queen of Würtemberg." He then—there were no women present—made a long speech upon connubial felicity. The band were next ordered to play "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and he proceeded upon a tremendous encomium of the Duke of Wellington and his victories over the French. Suddenly remembering the presence of the French Ambassador, he hastened to explain that it was, of course, a different France he spoke of, not that of his friend the reigning King of France. He need not have been apprehensive, for the French Ambassador "not understanding one word . . . kept darting from his seat to make his acknowledgments, while Esterhazy held him down by the tail of his coat, and the King stopped him with his hand outstretched, all with great difficulty." Greville adds: "It was very comical."

To the Freemasons, on their presenting an address, he is said to have made a reply which has gone down to history: "Gentlemen, if my love for you equalled my ignorance of everything concerning you, it would be boundless."

III

After early excitements, things grew gradually calmer, or perhaps people grew used to the unexpected. Greville notes in the following year: "The King lives a strange life at Brighton, with rag-tag and bobtail about him, and always open house. The Queen is a prude and will not

let the ladies come *décolleté* to her parties. George IV, who liked ample expanses of that sort, would not let them be covered."

On February 22, 1831, he had a nasty experience, for upon returning from the play he was "hooted and pelted" (the Reform Bill agitation was at its height) and a stone shivered a window of his coach and fell into Prince George of Cumberland's lap. The King was excessively annoyed, and sent for the officer riding by his coach, and asked him if he knew who had thrown the stone. He said that it terrified the Queen, and "was very disagreeable, as he should always be going somewhere."

He next created a precedent by wearing mourning for his son-in-law Kennedy; danced a country dance with Lord Amelius Beauclerk, an old Admiral, at an evening party; crowned himself, improperly, in the robing room of the House of Lords; and when the ceremonial plans for the formal coronation were laid before him, refused to submit to being kissed by the Bishops, though he afterwards "knocked under." At a quiet dinner held soon afterwards at St. James's he made two speeches; the first on "the land we live in" was delivered before the ladies left the room. The second, after they had gone, was in French, "in the course of which he travelled over every variety of topic which suggested itself to his excursive mind, and ended with a coarse toast and the words: *Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—all this, despite Miss Clitherow's grave assertion that "the King is two years older since he wore the crown."

Miss Clitherow gives an intimate glimpse of him in April 1831. After a private dinner which she had attended: "He unlocked a box, and set to work signing . . . Three times he was obliged to stop, and put his hand in hot water, he had the cramp so severe in his fingers. When he signed the last he exclaimed, 'Thank God, 'tis done!' He looked at me and said: 'My dear madame, when I began signing I had forty-eight thousand signatures my poor brother should have signed. I did

them all, but I made a determination never to lay my head on the pillow till I had signed everything I ought on the day, cost me what it might. It is cruel suffering, but, thank God! 'tis only cramp; my health never was better.'"

Two years later, his state appeared more alarming: "not," says Greville, "amounting to actual derangement, only morbid irritability and activity—reviewing the Guards and *blowing up* people at Court . . . He had a musket brought to him, that he might show them—the Guards—the way to use it in some new sort of exercise he wanted to introduce; in short, he gave a great deal of trouble and made a fool of himself." At an art exhibition, on a picture of Admiral Napier being shown to him—with whose politics he did not then agree—Raikes reports him to have said to the President who was showing him round: "Admiral Napier be damned, sir! And may you be damned, sir! And if the Queen were not here, sir, I would kick you downstairs, sir!"

The Duke of Wellington had a bothersome time with him in 1835, for he was full of whims. In one letter he begged "to call the attention of the Duke to the *theoretical* state of Persia"; in another urged him to consent to war with China; and in another expressed a wish to buy the Island of St. Bartholomew, lest the Russians should get it. "He is," adds Greville, "very jealous of Russia."

IV

In 1835 Adolphus Fitzclarence, the King's third son, gave Greville an intimate picture of his father's way of life. "He sleeps in the same room with the Queen, but in a separate bed; at a quarter before eight every morning his *valet de chambre* knocks at the door, and at ten minutes before eight exactly he gets out of bed, puts on a flannel dressing-gown and trousers, and walks into his dressing-room . . . He is long at his ablutions, and takes up an hour and a half in dressing. At half-past nine he breakfasts with the Queen, the ladies, and any of his

family; he eats a couple of fingers and drinks a dish of coffee. At breakfast he reads *The Times* and *Morning Post*, commenting aloud on what he reads in very plain terms, and sometimes they hear 'That's a damned lie,' or some such remark, without knowing to what it applies. After breakfast he devotes himself to business till two, when he lunches (two cutlets and two glasses of sherry); then he goes out for a drive till dinner-time; at dinner he drinks a bottle of sherry—no other wine—and eats moderately; he goes to bed soon after eleven."

His speechifying and general eccentricity continued, though for the most part he was in lower spirits and was fast ageing. It was in this year, 1835, that his animadversion towards the Duchess of Kent began, which ended in one of the most astounding scenes in the royal family history. The Duchess had been conducting a series of pompous progresses all over the country with her daughter Victoria, now heiress to the Crown; guns had popped in salute so incessantly that William became severely annoyed, speaking openly of his " respect " for the young Victoria, an odd adjective (if just) to use of a child, and of his distrust of " the persons by whom she is surrounded."

In the following year, 1836, the storm burst. The King asked the Duchess to go to Windsor to celebrate the Queen's birthday, on August 13, and also his own, on August 21. The Duchess refused the first invitation, but said she would arrive at Windsor on the 20th. The King was furious, but made no reply, and on August 20, being in London for the prorogation of Parliament, he proceeded to Kensington Palace where " he found that the Duchess of Kent had appropriated for her own use a suite of apartments, seventeen in number, for which she had applied last year, and which he had refused to let her have." Arriving at Windsor he voiced his displeasure in public, and the next day, in a speech at his birthday dinner, gave the Duchess one of the most terrific harangues he had ever, even in a reign of speechifying, composed.

" This awful philippic," says Greville, " was uttered in

a loud voice and excited manner. The Queen looked in deep distress, the Princess burst into tears, and the whole company were aghast . . . Immediately after they rose and retired, and a terrible scene ensued; the Duchess announced her immediate departure and ordered her carriage, but a sort of reconciliation was patched up, and she was prevailed upon to stay till the next day."

That was the last firework. The sequel occurred in the year following when William, aged and ill, offered the young Victoria £10,000 a year from his Privy Purse, a charming gesture. The Duchess, of course, disputed the arrangement of payment, but the matter was never settled, for on June 20, 1837, the King died, and the long reign of Victoria began.

On the whole William died regretted. He had been a fresh sea-breeze; and if he provoked laughter it was difficult not to like him. He was as different a man from his brother as could be conceived, and his odd personality possibly saved the monarchy, or at least tided it over a few difficult years, for if the purely personal side of William IV's reign, with which this sketch is concerned, was in the nature of a comic interlude, an ironic commentary is provided by the political background. At the outset William found himself in a mess—that of the Reform Bill. That he bore at his death the grandiloquent title of the "Reform Monarch of England" was scarcely more than another comicality. Reform was thrust upon him: ("Who is Silly Billy now!" unjustly exclaimed his brother of Gloucester when the Act was signed); and he countenanced the government of the successful Whig Ministers with what was often irritancy. It was perhaps fortunate that this was the one and only severe national crisis of his short reign.

Cinema and Theatre: The Diabolical Difference

By Huntly Carter

OF the difference between the theatre and the cinema so much has been said lately, and dramatic critics, dramatic-cinema critics, and cinema critics are so divided on the subject that a distinction and a definition are necessary.

Thanks to the comparative failure of the "Talkie," it is now recognized, even by the most pessimistic, that the theatre is not dead nor dying; that it has played, and will continue to play, an important part in the history of human culture; and that it must be dissociated from the cinema (in its present form) in order to attain its full stature as a House of Vision, Initiation and Interpretation.

By theatre I mean the theatre as fact, and not as idea —as a structure of brick and mortar that houses a form of expression called the drama, and is actually its technique.

Even if there were no current attempt to resurrect the theatre and dissociate it from the cinema, I should still be convinced that there is a real difference between them. It is a conclusion that I have drawn from essential facts observed during my long exploration of both in the theatre and cinema cities of Western and Eastern Europe, including Russia, under the very best conditions (for my observation) of war, revolution, unequalled financial and economic disaster. I say the very best conditions because I have found that only at periods of shocking crisis do latter-day populations, as a whole, fully notice and attach the utmost importance to their cultural institutions. At other times, comparatively speaking, they scarcely notice them and appear to attach very little importance to them except as places of entertainment. The word entertainment calls for definition. But I shall not stop to define it here. I remember

that Mr. James Agate praised Mr. John Galsworthy's "Skin Game" as the "best entertainment." He may be right. It may be that the Egyptian initiation of former times was an entertainment.

The difference I have noticed I shall call a diabolical difference. It is the difference between a death-centred mechanical toy that has acquired the magical power of evoking the gods from the subconscious of a primitive audience, and a life-centred, highly sensitized human instrument of expression endowed with the secret power of initiation. The difference between Types embodying dominant sentiments that exert a powerful influence on the subconscious, and flesh and blood actors charged with magnetism disclosing to the audience the "mystery" of life within themselves. I associate "mystery" with Truth. The difference between Irving portraying a Wolsey dominant sentiment, say, Ambition, and expressing the character of Wolsey.

From my observation of the cinema two main facts have emerged: the one, that the cinema is distinguished by the portrayal by Types of dominant sentiments; the other, that the cinema audience (I mean that very large section of the community known as "Film Fans") is given to passionate Type or "Star" worship.

Cinema "Stars" are carefully and skilfully prepared by a body of experts to personify sentiments that shall powerfully influence the audience. The visual effect of a female brought to the highest point of beauty by skilled hands and thrown upon the screen by the artist photographer as a piece of radiant portraiture, or figure composition, is irresistible. In each picture one sentiment is supreme. It is a sentiment, say, Love, that to a tribal audience may unveil a god, demi-god, a religion, a caste, or an ideal physical man, as Tom Mix, the cowboy, appeared to Miss Elinor Glyn, the novelist.

That cinema "stars" are passionately worshipped by the cinema audience, many things show. The honied columns of the newspaper Press, the numerous "Film

Fan" magazines, mob hysteria, the big demand for "star" still photographs, the exaltation of school-boys and shop-girls as gods, demi-gods, and goddesses of the screen, are evidence of the sub-conscious gods making gods in their own image.

Does not recent speculative science throw a light upon the cause of this mad-house manifestation? Does it not show that the present mind of the cinema audience is in such a condition that it is bound to be influenced by Types manipulated to cast spells, as a medicine-man bewitches savages? We are still tribal men, says Sir Arthur Keith. We are still children of the gods, says Sir J. Arthur Thomson, who reminds us that the body is still a mass of rudimentary relics, and the scientific description of them could be supplemented by religious, theological, and philosophical interpretation.

So it appears that the cinema audience is ripe for a cinema that taps its sub-conscious, for an entertainment into which it can read myth, magic, religious and sex rites, superstition, sanctity, as far back as its sub-consciousness can go.

How far it can go the following illustrations show. Here let me say that I write from the point of view of the tribal man in the cinema, not from that of the sociologist in the cinema. The former extracts the primitive values from its entertainment, and like an aborigine surrounded by evidence of up-to-date scientific achievement, electrical, mechanical, industrial, retains his belief in the miraculous, keeps sacred his taboos and ceremonials after the manner of the earth-bound peasants in the Soviet pictures, even in such films as "Earth," "The General Line," "Turk Sib."

The sociologist, on the level of present experience, finds in the entertainment, crude as it may appear, much virtue. To him it is a sort of dredger that daily dredges the world for odds and ends of evidence of social retrogression or progression, of scientific and social survey, of world change, world crashing and world

re-making. In big and ambitious pictures such as "Metropolis," "Cimarron," "Conquest," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Hell's Angels," "The Big Trail," "The Girl in The Moon," "Just Imagine," the German Ufa's fine Alpine pictures, "Avalanche" and "White Hell of Pitz Palu," in "At The Edge of The World," "Abraham Lincoln," "Giant Harvest," "Dirigible," "Danger Lights," "The Silver Horde," in these and others he finds useful facts of pioneering and conquest, of neo-technical construction that has come to replace the palæo-technical construction of England's first Industrial Revolution.

With the tribal audience it is different. This audience may be likened to that formed by the king, his court and people in the cinema version of Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." This picture affords a striking contrast between old and new magic rites, between natural rites and machine rites. King Arthur and his people live in an age when folk are smitten with fear of nature and natural events as instruments of divine wrath. Much of their time is taken up with devil worship and propitiating the gods. They seek to protect themselves by "creating" gods, the practice of black magic, witchcraft, the use of infernal machines, and so on. Suddenly a magician with a present-day form descends upon them. He is a radio mechanician (played by Will Rogers, America's philosopher humorist). He symbolizes the Mechanical Intelligence that shall lift the veil from their darkened minds. This god of the Mechanical Light seeks to confer on them the miraculous power of seeing with the eyes of the Machine instead of with those of Primitive Man. Accordingly he proceeds to do the old things in a new way. Instead of calling down fire from the heavens, or setting it free with wood and stone, he rubs a petrol lighter. In place of the old system of precarious hand production he substitutes the factory and its machinery, its machine-like methods, and its robot labourers. Instead of the old Devil in

Armour symbolizing the ancient notion of chivalry on horse-back, he provides the new Devil on a Buckjumper lassooing the old Devil in Armour in true Western fashion. Instead of levelling a fortress with a giant battering ram, he blows it up with bombs. To escape being burnt at the stake he uses his astronomical knowledge to darken the sky with a timely total eclipse. And to bring the battle between the converted king and his foes to an up-to-date end he provides the king's troops with machine guns, bombs and baby motor-cars. To the tribal audience the new type of radio magician would appear as the old type of magician with a new box of mystifying mechanical tricks.

The game played by the subconscious gods of remaking the screen gods in their own likeness yields three kinds of deities, War, Sex and Crime, each provided with an appropriate sentiment and its system.

Since the Great War each has reigned in turn according to picture fashions. There has been the reign of the Gods of War. The audience have seen ancient wars when the gods fought each other and Homeric types emerged. The wars of Christianity when a christian God emerged to slay the barbaric gods (in pictures of the "I.N.R.I." and "Ben Hur" type). The religious wars and wars of liberation when all men loved one God and fought and killed each other for Him, to secure religious toleration or national liberty. ("Martin Luther," "Joan of Arc" and "The Passion of Joan of Arc.") The latter-day political, national and international wars when the gods sit on the hills and look on. (Pictures of the Great War in which the common soldier appears as Hero, typifying the dominant sentiments of courage, patriotism, sacrifice; on Martyn typifying resentment.)

Then there is the reign of the Gods and Goddesses of Sex. The audience is led to the temple of Man and Woman worship; to the shrines of Sacred and Profane Love. It is invited to indulge in barbaric, or animal, or sensual satisfaction; or the worship of the erotic, or

mere physical loveliness; or in the Medieval or half-sensual or half-fanatic. In imagination it performs sex rites, touched with sanctity or otherwise, according as it recognizes the Virgin Mary (Mary Pickford) or the Harlot, known as the Vamp (Greta Garbo, Marlène Dietrich, Lila Damita). Or is touched by the erotic male as Saint or Beast (Valentino as St. Valentine or Phallus the symbol of generation). Before the saint kneel women thirsting for sexual holiness; before the erotic symbol of intense and intoxicating sensuality all types of animal women prostrate themselves to find satisfaction in phallic rites.

And then there is the reign of the Gods of Crime. Harpies, Gorgons, images of every earthly ill that attacks mankind, emerge to excite fear and horror not unmixed with admiration. For even the most brutal and ugly is shown in a glowing light. Take the killer gangsters Scorpio in "The Secret Six" and Nick in "Smart Money"—what shall prevent the audience identifying them as Kings of Neolithic cavemen, putting their bullets, and their wisdom into all comers with the new slang American fashion.

The present-day cinema is, then, a sphere of types embodying powerful sentiments capable of raising mythical gods from the dead. It is the haunt of magicians and witches.

The theatre is different. In its strict sense it is a Temple of Initiation into Truth, so far as Truth can be apprehended by the human mind aided by vision, by the higher reason, by great intelligence. It is the Temple of the prophet, the seer of visions, the initiator, the interpreter. The prophet who divines and inspires, not the magician who directly controls nature with ritual. Herein the sensible spectator may watch the human "soul" unfolding from its captivity in matter to its liberation in spirit. He may follow its long journey through the Inferno of the Senses; its suffering and expiation in the burning region called earth; its purifica-

tion; and finally, its transfiguration in the light of Truth. He may do so in all the truly great plays that have ever been written and performed. In those in particular, of the noble Indian poets, of the great Greeks, of Shakespeare at his best, of Ibsen. In "A Doll's House," for instance, he may watch Dora unfolding under the touch of Truth as it reveals the Lie of her marriage contract. Or he may turn to the Bible and in the Life of Christ he shall find the real substance of the theatre in its purest elements, watch Christ unfolding under the touch of a divinely inspired mission.

But in the theatre he may do more than merely watch the drama yielding up the inner, secret meaning of Man toiling through the labyrinth of mortal life. He may identify himself with the action. From being a simple spectator he may become an actor (and not a mechanical type, as in the cinema), fully realizing that the drama of liberation is being enacted within him.

Lest this definition of the true theatre and its function appear extravagant at a moment when this temple has become the playhouse of the lowest gods, the haunt of the money-producer and money-changer, let me hasten to say that it is not entirely absent from the minds of practical men. For many years, ever since the beginning of this century, in harmony with a good many plays and play-productions, and much play-acting, marked by a remarkable degree of culture and intellectual capacity, there has arisen a right desire for unity—a desire to unite all the objects and agents of interpretation and representation, and the spectators, indeed the theatre and all it contains in the strict bond of unity. Hence has come the conscious pursuit of Intimacy in the theatre. And Intimacy is now recognized as the hall-mark of the good form of the theatre to-day, the theatre in which harmony reigns supreme. Its desirability is implicit in the public utterance of men of the theatre. Recently Professor Max Reinhardt was reported as saying: "The cinema has beaten us long ago, though it

can never result in that mystical connection between the stage and the audience." Mr. Charles Cochran referred to "the theatre of flesh and blood drama" while rescuing it from "the mechanical theatre" (the cinema). Signor Luigi Pirandello, described as a mystic and the writer of metaphysical plays, has testified, more than once, to the theatre's power of mystical union. Such mystical union was ever in the thoughts of the true sons of the pre-war Russian theatre.

But the search in the theatre for the perfect contact between actor and audience is not by way of the spirit alone. In a present-day country or two where theatrical collective initiation into the truth of contemporary Life and Labour is taking place, the audience of initiates are invited to identify themselves with social, economic and industrial (scientific) action. It is encouraged to play at remaking its country in the likeness of an Earthly Paradise (strange paradox), and citizens in the likeness of the Rational "Soul" (another paradox). Thus Intimacy and the Social Ideal go hand in hand. Intimacy must always be the dividing line between the theatre and the cinema. For the cinema is a machine—a machine for seeing. A machine cannot be intimate.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

Literary Notes	*By Herbert Agar*
Bernard Shaw as Music Critic	*By Francis Toye*
The Confessions of Coleridge	*By Richard Church*
Dorothy Wordsworth	*By Hugh Kingsmill*
Non Tali Auxilio	*By Sir Charles Petrie*
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Books Recommended.	

Literary Notes

By Herbert Agar

Youth at the Helm

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS can always be counted on for fun and excitement; and in some of his books (such as "Time and Western Man") he makes a valuable criticism of life. "The Doom of Youth" does not belong to the latter class; but it offers gratifying amusement to anyone who enjoys seeing the modern world insulted and trampled upon. Mr. Wyndham Lewis combines an exuberant hatred of the world about him with an opulence of imagination that makes his invective deadly. In the present volume he is attacking the Youth Movement in all its forms, from the newspaper clap-trap about Youth at the Helm (with the pumped-up controversies, in the correspondence columns, between "Forty" and "Under Twenty-five"), to those pathetic creatures, the professional Promising Young Men (mostly sodomites), who are declining into late middle-age, but who, Mr. Wyndham Lewis remarks,

"seem disposed to argue that, as they are clearly not yet 'great,' then they must obviously still be 'young.'"

A Super-Plot?

ALL this is diverting, especially since it is bolstered by many idiotic quotations from the Age-War articles in the popular press. But when Mr. Wyndham Lewis tries to explain the phenomena which he has pilloried with such gratifying violence, he goes far astray. He posits a huge plot, on the part of business leaders and newspaper proprietors, to exalt youth at the expense of middle-age in order to prepare the way for a progressive reduction in wages when the labourer has passed thirty or thirty-five. He rightly comments that "'Feminism' served the double purpose of cheapening the labour of men, and of tapping an enormous, up-till-then-unused, cheap labour market"; and he therefore assumes that the feminist movement was artificially created for this purpose. Similarly, he rightly asserts that the tendency of modern capitalism, if unchecked, will be to produce a world in which men are divided into two classes: "(1) the very small Super-Class, and (2) 'Labour.'" In this world of the future, predicts Mr. Wyndham Lewis, the Super-Class will be long-lived, and 'Labour' will have about ten years of active, working life—"the life of a dog." These conditions have been produced before in the world; they are approximated in industrial India to-day; and they may well be in store for the West. But if so, it will not be because of the inhumanly far-sighted schemes that Mr. Wyndham Lewis thinks he has detected.

The Real Danger

ALL the vulgarity and decadence that "The Doom of Youth" exposes—the Sex-War, the Age-War, the "slave-literature" in the popular press, the emergence of homosexuality not as a tolerated vice but as an applauded eccentricity—all this is subject to a simple

explanation. The assumption underlying "The Doom of Youth" is that only a devilish and ingenious plot could produce these dire results. In fact, such unseemly decay is only averted, in any society, by the institutions that control and divert the baser instincts of man, and by the authority that gives those institutions support. Both these safeguards are being withdrawn from the modern world—not because of a plot, but because of the triumph of a meagre intellectualism. Mr. Wyndham Lewis describes the results of this withdrawal, and predicts its probable future effects, with disdainful force. But he does not see that these things would have happened even if all the so-called conspirators of "The Doom of Youth" had been executed on their seventh birthdays. In so far as the book tends to distract people from the real issue—which is to find a way of strengthening the necessary supports for grace and decency in life—it is merely a nuisance. But if it be read as a portrait of life in 1932, it should prove usefully horrifying.

Nietzsche in Prose

DR. OSCAR LEVY has written an introduction for the revised edition, in English, of Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" (Allen and Unwin). Dr. Levy is one of the foremost Nietzsche enthusiasts of Europe; he is the editor of the authorized English translation of the complete Works, and it is only because of his initiative and steady effort that this excellent translation exists. Yet, in this intensely-felt Preface, he is a poor advertisement for his Master. Nietzsche was in part a poet, and may be granted some of the poet's privilege of talking what would be nonsense from the factual point of view, but what may nevertheless convey truth to the imagination. "All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves," he writes, "and ye want to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather go back to the beast than surpass man?" This is inspiring, and a noble

sentence; but there is nothing inspiring about a prosaic statement that what we all must do is to train for the Superman.

Poetry, at its intensest and best, carries such conviction within itself that it can overcome the sense of the ridiculous. The moment it descends from the heights however, this is no longer true—as Wordsworth's less successful efforts testify. There is much in "Thus Spake Zarathustra" that is self-justifying, as poetry, but which becomes ridiculous in the unilluminated statements of Dr. Levy. In fact, the absurdity at the heart of Nietzscheism—the absurdity in the assumption that one man can create, out of his own mind, a radically new set of values and doctrines which our ancient civilization can then assimilate and thrive upon—this absurdity shines with lurid brightness throughout Dr. Levy's Preface. Describing his heart-searchings over whether it was his duty to introduce these revolutionary doctrines to the English, Dr. Levy writes, "Could I forgive ourselves (i.e., the Jews) for having created Christendom, such as it has turned out to be? . . . I had read Nietzsche and, what is more, had understood him: I felt the guilt of our creation; I felt the responsibility for the impossibility of this message; I saw the immediate effects of these values staring into my very face—the destruction of all noble, beautiful, sensible, joyful life. I saw this lack of joy and beauty in its worst form around me—in England. 'Go and speak to these people,' my better voice said. 'Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh?' my coward Ego answered."

This is sincere, and doubtless high-minded; but it is also funny. Leaving aside the assumption that "we" created the Christian civilization, and that this civilization has destroyed "all noble, beautiful, sensible, joyful life," the really lavish folly is in the assumption that the works of Nietzsche would change all this—that any culture (even if joyless and made in Jerusalem) can turn itself inside-out, can literally indulge in an *Umwertung*

aller Werte. For what Nietzsche sought to do—if he be read as prose—was not to revive, or to enrich, or to influence Western culture; he sought to slay it. Its morality, its religion, its customs—he found them all bad. The value of Nietzsche is that he states his case with such fire of imagination that he compels the reader to see what is weak, inconsequential, unreal, in Western life. As such, he is a great revivifier; but what he sought to be was a hangman, and also a creative God. Amid the metaphors and the splendid rhythms of "Zarathustra" the reader almost overlooks this folly; but there is no overlooking it in the bleak prose of Dr. Levy.

Joyless Animals

WHAT seems to emerge from this prose is the theory that man's burden of guilt can be lifted from him by intelligence. False teachers have imposed it on him and have made him sad; but right thinking will be the cure for all that. "Ah—ye brethren," wrote Nietzsche, "that God whom I created was human work and human madness, like all the Gods! Suffering was it, and impotence—that created all backworlds. . . But the awakened one, the knowing one, saith: 'Body am I entirely, and nothing more; and the soul is only the name of something in the body.'" Well, there have been many knowing ones to preach this good news since Nietzsche; but they have added little to that joy and beauty that Dr. Levy found so lacking in England. The more often man is assured he is nothing but a body, the less joy the thought seems to bring him—and the less freedom from the sense of original sin. It is no guilt-free generation that is mirrored in the long-drawn torments of Proust, the flippant misery of Mr. Aldous Huxley, the Waste Land of Mr. Eliot. If Dr. Levy is already afflicted with the sorrow of being responsible for Christianity, he may know even greater sadness when the fruits of his new message are gathered.

Bernard Shaw as Music Critic

By Francis Toye

THE three volumes, which under the title of "Music in London" (Constable and Co., 6s. per volume net) contain the musical criticisms that Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote for "The World" between 1890 and 1894, provide most entertaining reading. They are interesting on three counts: first as a picture of musical conditions in London during the period; second as an exposition of Mr. Shaw's critical views; third as a revelation of Mr. Shaw's unchanging personality—the last two, needless to say, being intimately correlated.

Shaw the young music critic differs little from Shaw the mature or elderly dramatic and sociological pundit. Always a propagandist (and proud of it) he does not even pretend to be fair when there is occasion to serve the interests of something he really cares for. In these volumes the "something" is first and foremost Wagner, whose works and views, on some pretext or other, are brought into prominence on every possible occasion. A clergyman presiding at a village concert serves to drag in Wagner's essay on Religion and Art; anything almost is used to call attention to Shaw's pet scheme for building a Wagner Theatre on Richmond Hill; the de Reszke brothers are worried in page after page because they will not or do not sing this or that Wagnerian rôle. Yet with all his fervour as a Wagnerite Shaw was by no means taken in by everything Wagnerian. He saw through the highfalutin nonsense talked about Bayreuth by the fans and he was commendably (and, as it turned out, oh how wisely!) cautious as to the merits of Cyril Kistler and his music-drama, "Kunihild," which the Wagnerites of the time were inclined to regard as another Wagnerian masterpiece.

All the Shavian wit is here, too; also the impertinence, the shrewdness and the impatience with shams. There is the same constant proneness to exaggeration as, for

instance, the statement on the very first page that all the errand boys of New York can now (May 20th, 1890) whistle "Tristan" from end to end. Of course Shaw did not mean the statement to be taken literally, but it is typical of the methods he has employed ever since, whether dealing with Vivisection, Religion, Capitalism or Russia. Whenever anybody quotes Shaw at me in the future I shall answer, "Ah, but what about 'Tristan' and the New York errand boys in 1890?" The retort will have the double advantage of being very much to the point and hopelessly mystifying to the uninitiated.

Lastly, Mr. Shaw remains himself in that at times he is miraculously right and at others hopelessly, ghastily, wrong. Of course this is true of all men's opinions to some extent; but rarely, I think, to the extent to which it is true of Mr. Shaw's. Quite a number of people, including the writer, believe that Brahms was quintessentially a lyrical composer, more happily inspired in his songs, his piano pieces and his chamber music than elsewhere. But when Mr. Shaw states that "Euphuism is the beginning and end of Brahms' big works . . . His symphonies are endured at the Richter concerts as sermons are endured, and his 'Requiem' is patiently borne only by the corpse," he is talking arrant nonsense, as time indeed has proved. And he is no less nonsensical about Schubert, about whose Symphony in C he says: "A more exasperatingly brainless composition was never put on paper."

On the other hand when he and all his friends were Wagner-mad he had the insight to know and assert that "Trovatore" is "a heroic work, capable of producing a tremendous effect if heroically performed," and to sense the sublimity of the third act of "Ernani." Moreover, in view of the universal admiration, not to say adulation of Parry that prevailed at the time, Shaw showed as much courage as insight in wiping "Judith" off the slate altogether and describing "Job" as "the most utter failure ever achieved by a thoroughly respectworthy

musician," even though some of us will feel inclined again to protest against the over-emphasis.

The explanation of Shaw's extremes of right and wrong is to be found, I suppose, precisely in this courage, which quality, in fact, characterizes the whole of his criticism. He was never afraid and he was never a snob. For instance, his avowed preference for De Lara's music over that of more respectable academic composers will come as a shock to many people even to-day. Such persons would never allow themselves to hold such an opinion, much less express it.

Viewed as a critic pure and simple I think that Shaw was remarkably level-headed on the whole. What is more he was not only level-headed but broad-minded. The subjects treated in these volumes range from the music of the classical masters, such as Bach, Handel, Beethoven and Mozart, through the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and other comic operas, to the singing of "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay" by Lottie Collins and the ballets at the Empire and the Alhambra. I am perhaps prejudiced in that he proclaims his belief in the superiority of Mozart to Beethoven, his great love for Handel, his recognition of the fact that Rossini, despite shortcomings, was a man of outstanding genius. Indeed Shaw's account of the Rossini centenary concert at the Crystal Palace is in a way touching as well as amusing. His correlation of Schumann and Rossini, too, is very acute: "If he (Schumann) had only had Rossini's genius or Rossini his conscience, what a composer we should have had!" I lay some emphasis on Shaw's genuine (though duly chastened) liking for Rossini and his general familiarity with the old Italian Opera because these things as a matter of fact saved him from many of the flagrant errors of judgment perpetrated by his academic contemporaries. Shaw knew a great deal more about singing than do ninety-nine musical critics out of a hundred to-day—there are several admirable and quite technical essays on the

subject that might with advantage be read by our singing-teachers—and this knowledge certainly helped to keep his musical taste sane and unaffected.

I very much admire, also, his analysis of the virtues and defects of Stanford, to whom he seems to render exactly his due, of Messager in "La Basoche," of Sullivan. Incidentally he is one of the few writers on the Savoy operettas who do full justice to the part played by Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte in the success of the enterprise. But there is no space and, I hope, no necessity even to attempt to describe the criticisms in detail. They will remain as a vivid picture by an exceptionally brilliant artist of the musical life of the London of the time.

And how little, except in superficial details, did that life differ from the musical life of our day! The stage-management at Covent Garden came in for just as much criticism. The Manchester orchestra already played Berlioz (and, apparently, most other music) better than London orchestras. It was even then the fashion to exalt the capacity of the English orchestral player to read music at sight at the expense of delicacy or intensity of feeling. The British composer (as now) was just about to take the world by storm. Mr. Dolmetsch had already begun his campaign in favour of lutes and viols and a particularly virile Mass by "Miss Smyth" received its first performance at the Albert Hall. True, there was no Elgar or Delius to be heard in London; Verdi had not yet died and the star of Puccini, in the guise of "Manon Lescaut," had only just begun to be visible on the horizon. Yet, so far as there was any difference it seems to me to have been decidedly in favour of the nineties. There was far more opera, both grand and comic; there were new works by Tchaikowsky and Dvorak to be heard; the instrumentalists were at least as good as they are now and the singers were infinitely better. So much for forty years of progress!

The Confessions of Coleridge*

By Richard Church

THIS compilation is another example of American scholarship; the combination of enormous industry with a tendency to see the trees but not the forest. In the subject of Coleridge's letters, however, a steady pedestrianism by the editor is a good framework for the picture of Coleridge's mind, that rolling skyscape shot with ever-changing light and shadow. The lover of Coleridge's genius, wishing to explore further into the domain of the Poet's mind, will be grateful to Mr. Griggs for the many signposts, in the shape of notes, supplied in these volumes. Indeed, many of the letters would be unintelligible without them. Coleridge nodded far more frequently than Homer!

Having waded through the great bulk of these letters, one is led to reflect again upon the extraordinary character of the man. There is no other great genius in the world's literature comparable with him. At times he has the rapid, fertile verbal exuberance which was the source of Shakespeare's poetic impulse. Images teem and fecundate from his mind and senses working together in absolute harmony with the world around him. Here is an example: "I enquired my road at a cottage—and in lifting up the latch beheld a tall old hag, whose soul-gelding ugliness would chill to eternal chastity a cantharidized Satyr." Such are the moods of exuberant creative force which produced the handful of great poems; and by which his monologues held audiences—including such egoists as Wordsworth, Godwin, and Hazlitt—for hour after hour in spellbound adoration. We have to take this latter expression of his greatness on trust, submitting credulously to contemporary report which in all its variety was yet unanimous. Perhaps the radio, when it taps still further

* Unpublished Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Earl Leslie Griggs. (Constable. 2 vols. 37s. 6d.)

mysteries of ethereal wave-lengths and hauls Time back by the tail, will corroborate that evidence.

We get only flashes of that greatness in his poetry and letters. These latter rumble and boom like a distant battle, and sometimes a long-shot comes our way, such as this: "I never knew a passion for politics exist for a long time without swallowing up, or absolutely excluding, a passion for religion." Or we catch longer glimpses of the combat and its magnitude, as in the letter where he hints of the vastness of his poetical consciousness. "I should not think of devoting less than twenty years to an epic poem. Ten years to collect materials and warm my mind with universal science. I would be a tolerable Mathematician, I would thoroughly know Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Optics, and Astronomy, Botany, Fossilism, Chemistry, Geology, Anatomy, Metallurgy, Medicine—then the *mind of man*—then the *minds of men*—in all Travels, Voyages and Histories. So I would spend ten years—the next five to the composition of the poem—and the five last to the correction of it. So I would write haply, not unhearing of that divine and rightly-whispering Voice, which speaks to mighty minds of predestined garlands, starry and unwithering."

But the thought then occurs to one that this sublime passage was written in the early days of the conjunction with Wordsworth, and one begins to realize that though the *idea* is Coleridge's, the *crystallization*, the *character* of it is Wordsworth's. Comparing this with Coleridge as he stood *unpropped* by some external personality, we see the man himself as a mind never properly incarnated, and therefore never able to co-ordinate his superb mental activities with material eventuality. As a child, believing himself to be swimming the Hellespont with Leander, he found that he had bumped into an old gentleman in the Strand and was arrested as a pickpocket! Contracting the usual college debts at Cambridge, he became panic-stricken, and ran away from unpleasant facts by dissipation and enlisting as a

dragoon. He never learned to put his genius for metaphysical speculation into a position of command over the rabble of everyday accident. "My philosophical refinements and metaphysical theories lay by me in the hour of anguish, as toys by the bedside of a child deadly sick."

Not only could this genius not direct his life; it had in its own domain no responsibility. He confesses that "my own subtleties too often lead me into strange (though God be praised) transient out-of-the-waynesses. Oft like a winged spider, I am entangled in a new-spun web, but never fear for me, 'tis but the flutter of my wings—and off I am again." This is not only a confession; it shows also that fundamentally he had no sense of guilt or weaknesses in this irresponsibility. At times when crises arose in his affairs, needing action and direction, he would "sink in Spinoza, and remain as undisturbed as a Toad in a Rock," while his life and potential achievement crashed about his head. The habit showed something almost sinisterly horrible in the man, and his own images of himself as spider and toad carry a fitting judgment.

Dorothy Wordsworth

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH: THE EARLY YEARS. By CATHERINE MACDONALD MACLEAN. (Chatto and Windus. 15s.)

IN this book Miss Maclean has reconstructed Dorothy's life from her birth in 1771 till 1813, using all available material to write a kind of chronicle-novel, in which Dorothy's thoughts, feelings, and actions are described from within, as in fiction, not narrated from without, as in biography. The method is a dangerous one, for one cannot accept the omniscience of a biographer as one accepts, occasionally, the omniscience of a novelist. When, for example, Coleridge, during one of his periodical estrangements from Wordsworth, rode past Wordsworth's house without calling, Miss Maclean makes Dorothy reflect—"It was as if Life and the Pride of Life and the Spirit of Life had passed them by, when

Coleridge rode past them in his chaise, with averted eyes." In another passage we read: "The moments of happiness in the last two or three years stood out, isolated from the general texture of their living. . . . Suddenly Dorothy saw that if she were not to sink she must live by these, for foul hands were already beckoning out of the primeval slime, and if she lost her footing for a moment, a relentless suction would drag her down."

That Dorothy thought of Coleridge, in 1811, as representing the pride of life, or that twenty years before she lost her reason she was haunted by horrible visions of that catastrophe, are propositions too debatable to be advanced as certainties. Biography should rest content with inference and likelihood.

The faults of Miss Maclean's book are the reverse side of her passionate absorption in Dorothy Wordsworth, and are outweighed by the extraordinary pains with which she has reconstructed Dorothy's daily existence, and the lives of all the remarkable persons who came into contact with her. The marvellous period, of Wordsworth and Coleridge's first friendship, at Racedown and Alfoxden, is particularly well portrayed. But Miss Maclean's uncompromising love of Dorothy never permits her to attribute any doubts to Dorothy as to the excellence of her own actions. We are shown Dorothy in many moods, chiefly of sympathy or fear for those she loved. We are not shown Dorothy wondering if she ought to allow Wordsworth and Coleridge to make an expedition with her to the Cheddar rocks, lasting a week, immediately after the birth of Coleridge's second son. What did Mrs. Coleridge think of this expedition? Miss Maclean does not tell us. Nor does she tell us what Mrs. Wordsworth thought when Dorothy went off with William, less than two months after the birth of William's eldest child, for a long walking tour in Scotland. We are merely told that when William and Dorothy returned, they felt that it was very good to be home again.

Miss Maclean's partisanship extends to Wordsworth, who, after warning Basil Montagu not to act as host to Coleridge, was much disgusted with the resentment Coleridge displayed when he heard of this warning. Eventually Wordsworth denied that he had said what he had been represented to say, or, alternatively, that he had meant what he said. Coleridge accepted both parts of this explanation, and Wordsworth expressed himself as relieved to be done with "a vile business." If this summary is not quite

fair to Wordsworth, the unfairness must be excused as an attempt to correct Miss Maclean's bias in the opposite direction. "Coleridge," Miss Maclean writes in connection with this incident, "had killed something in William." None the less, Miss Maclean has written a book which no one interested in the greatest poet since Shakespeare should neglect.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

Non Tali Auxilio

THE REVOLT OF THE MASSES. By JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET. (Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

DON JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET is Professor of Philosophy at Madrid University, and, as the dust-cover of this work informs those who may be unaware of the fact, "one of the intellectual leaders of the new Republic in Spain." The type of leadership to which Spain is now subject may thus be gathered from a perusal of these pages, and such readers as are able to persevere to the end will be at no loss to account for the present state of that unhappy country. The Spanish genius is not fertile in the production of philosophers or political scientists of the first rank, and Señor Ortega y Gasset, who aspires to be both, is clearly not one of the exceptions to this rule.

His philosophy is typically Spanish, that is to say, it is an amalgam of the ideas of the thinkers of other nations put into rhetorical form. Spengler, Nietzsche, Clemenceau, Massis, and Keyserling, to name but a few, have all contributed their share to the "thought" of this Madrid professor, who has swallowed, but not digested, their various opinions. He creates a mass-man of his own imagining (having been all his life subject to German intellectual influences his inner consciousness is capable of evolving anything), and then proceeds to discuss in detail the outlook of the twentieth century, which he regards as the synonym of this individual. No doubt it is all very amusing to Don José, but it bears no relation whatever to the actual facts.

What lends special variety to this volume is the author's scorn of logic. In one place we are told that the modern man is inspired by a sense of power and insecurity, and in another that he is satisfied with himself exactly as he is, which would hardly appear to imply that he felt insecure. The past, of course, "will not tell us what we ought to do," while Liberalism is more

vital than anti-Liberalism " just as the gun is more of a weapon than the lance," presumably, however, only if it is supplied with ammunition, which the Liberal gun lacks to-day. Nowhere, it may be added, does our professor condescend to cite any evidence in support of his theories.

In fine, this is very sorry stuff, and in no country save republican Spain would it pass for philosophy, or the author for a philosopher. It is to be hoped that there soon will be a revolt of the Spanish masses against the government of Señor Ortega y Gasset and his friends if they cannot do better than this.

CHARLES PETRIE.

In the French Empire

"INTIMATE LETTERS FROM TONQUIN." By MARSHAL LYAUTEY; translated by Mrs. AUBREY LE BLOND. (The Bodley Head. 15s.)

MARSHAL LYAUTEY has enjoyed the great advantage of becoming known to us through the biography by M. André Maurois. It is an advantage he has shared with Shelley, Byron, Disraeli and Colonel Bramble, but here M. Maurois treats of a fine type among his own countrymen, and the present collection of letters only increases our admiration of the type. For the letters reveal a noble-hearted soldier, devoted to his profession, but a great administrator as well, and an enthusiast for all that is best in thought and art. We are also introduced into a region little known to English travellers—the plains of Tonquin and the precipitous ranges that form the frontier between the French province and China.

Lyautey's service in Tonquin extended for about two years (1894–1896), and for a large part of the time he was on active service among those mountains, confronting the murderous inroads of highly organized forces that poured down upon the helpless villagers over the frontier. He calls them " bandits," but they were, in fact, small armies largely supported by Chinese mandarins who remained contentedly at home, awaiting a full share of the plunder. This was the part of his service that he most enjoyed. He was always happy in action. The motto of the book is Shelley's saying : " The soul's joy lies in doing," and to

Lyautey, then in the early forties, the joy of life lay in danger, hardship, and difficult movement. He rejoiced at having escaped from the pleasures and military routine of Paris, and almost equally from the dreary and peaceful existence in the capital at Hanoï, surrounded by the gossip, jealousy and suspicion prevailing in a strangely mixed society of officials with semi-connubial relationships.

From merely garrison work he was early delivered by the discernment of Gallieni, then Commander-in-Chief of the 2nd Military Territory, afterwards to become renowned as the saviour of Paris, and chief agent of the victory on the Marne. To Gallieni he became devoted, both as a soldier and a man. He is the real hero of the letters, and it was with joy that Lyautey followed him to Madagascar when his term in Tonquin was over. One valuable habit in his hero's daily life we may notice :—

> " He has made it a rule, whether on the march or at headquarters, to take what he calls his ' brain-bath ' before dinner, an hour given up to walking with a companion and talking, no word about business being permitted. At this moment (May, 1895) he is engrossed by a new Italian author, Gabriel d'Annunzio, a volume of whose works he has in his bag, and the autobiography of John Stuart Mill, which I brought with me and he has seized upon."

That reference to Mill is significant, for Lyautey throughout expresses a rare admiration of the English, especially for our manner of administering the tropical parts of the Empire, in contrast with the French methods which he afterwards did so much to reform, during his famous government of Morocco.

" In front of us," he writes from Singapore," rises the admirable English organization, broad, supple, full of continuity, managed from top to bottom by ' gentlemen,' or by live men who know how to behave like gentlemen, whose principles are perhaps less humane than ours, but who are swift in action, correct, careful of their prestige, careful of outward appearance, and who, above all, have unity of principle, method and aim."

Coming from a distinguished French administrator, at a time when the relations between ourselves and the French were unusually strained (Lyautey himself calls England " the enemy ") such a passage is some consolation for our wounded pride, if it has been lately wounded, for instance, in India and Ireland.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Mechanical Warfare

THE BRITISH WAY IN WARFARE. By LIDDELL HART. (Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.)

THOUGH this book is a collection of essays on a large number of military subjects ranging from "The Historic Strategy of Britain" to "The Army of New Italy," throughout it runs one definite theme, namely, that the soldier, like the civilian, is living in an age of transition, and that unless he is willing to change he is not worth his pay. The whole question is not one of money but of will, and if the will of those in direction is waiting for some stimulant to refresh it, then it cannot do better than take a glass or two from the unassailable facts which Captain Liddell Hart has here marshalled.

He says: To-day "we need mechanically-minded realists, and not idealists." This is absolutely true, and few men, if any, have had such an opportunity as he has had of getting at grips with the realities of our present-day war problems. Like a watch-dog, for some ten years now he has prowled round our Jacobean military mansion with its derelict out-houses, hay-lofts, tumble-down pig-stys and whatnots. He knows the Army inside and outside—psychologically as well as physically, and it is his intimate and profound knowledge of our military virtues and deficiencies which makes this book so valuable. It is, in fact, the log-book of our military progress during the last ten years.

On the wrapper we are told it has been said of him that he is the Clausewitz of the twentieth century; surely, if a comparison is to be sought, he is far closer related to Francis Bacon, that empirical philosopher who because he concentrated on facts and not on fancies was so full of ideas. What can be more concise and true than that our present-day army is "between the tank devil and the high sky," and that "fat oxen do not approach, far less do they attack, a carnivorous tiger"; or again, that "armour should be regarded as a privilege to be used, not abused," and that "armies as at present are not an insurance; they are a petition in bankruptcy"?

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, so we are told, once present at an exercise on Salisbury Plain, was asked his impression on modern war as there presented. His reply was immediate and to the point, for he answered: "It smells like a garage and looks like a circus." Here, anyhow, is a book which should help those who wield the broom and the dung-fork to clean out this Augean stable, a book which might equally well have been named—

"The British Way *to* Warfare"; for though it shows what the British army has done, what is still more important is, that it shows what the British army should do. J. F. C. FULLER.

Impenitent Rationalism

A LAWYER'S NOTEBOOK. ANONYMOUS. (Martin Secker.)

A "LAWYER'S NOTEBOOK," published, for purely professional reasons, under a flimsy anonymity, is outside the law in more senses than one, but it is none the less—or rather more—entertaining on that account. That it will escape the strictures of people who still believe in an Index Expurgatorius is extremely doubtful. Yet, to quote a Scholastic maxim, which the author very properly makes his own, "*Hilaritas excessum habere nequit sed semper bona est,*" and any devotees of Aristophanes and Rabelais that may still lurk somewhere in the grim recesses of modern England will unreservedly enjoy its humour. But behind its audacity of expression lies a fund of common sense, healthy detestation of the kill-joy, and incessant kindliness towards the poor, the afflicted and, above all, the increasing number of helpless victims of bureaucratic tyranny. The author has long since been distinguished by a passion for liberty, and in his previous works has consistently pilloried real abuses and done his best to stem the trend towards the Servile State.

His present book is made up generally of jottings and aphorisms in the manner of Samuel Butler, but there are compact essays, such as a peculiarly attractive account of Eton in the nineties and an extremely witty indictment of urban democracy. His love of natural beauty, poetry and music is so spontaneous that it is a pity that he does not linger on these, to the exclusion of less romantic themes. Descriptions, as of Spring at Marlborough Road Station, are all too brief. Like Strauss in "Elektra," he gives an inkling of melody and then switches off abruptly into cacophony. Likewise it would have been refreshing to have had more burlesque in the style of the Saluvino advertisement or the great grandfather's chase of a violent intruder with the help of a red-hot poker, more philosophy about barrel organs or infantile self-crucifixion, more Dr. Johnson: but perhaps, there is a second volume to come, full of this sympathetic atmosphere, equally entertaining, less mischievous. Yet it may be questioned whether either the mischief or the licence of thought

are really to be taken *au grand sérieux* in a thinker, who so unconvincedly advertises his disbelief in personal survival, and —not unreasonably, doubting, as he does, the possibility of certitude in Faith—revolts against the basic sexual (though not social) morality of the Catholic Church. There is, in fact, a ring of scepticism in his " impenitent rationalism." But equally impenitent sincerity, however irreverent, covers a multitude of outrages on conventional feeling: and nobody should underestimate the warm-hearted charity which permeates the book. The line between orthodoxy and unorthodoxy is often thin, but this is less likely to be appreciated here than in the land where Léon Bloy has become virtually a candidate for canonization.

J. D. GREGORY.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly :—

HISTORY, POLITICS, BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS.

THE FUTURE OF EAST AND WEST. SIR FREDERICK WHYTE. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.)

THE LIFE OF LORD CROMER. LORD ZETLAND. (Hodder & Stoughton. 25s.)

GOLDEN HORN. F. YEATS-BROWN. (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.)

CARLYLE. EMERY NEFF. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

THE GREAT VICTORIANS. Edited by H. J. and HUGH MASSINGHAM. (Nicholson & Watson. 10s. 6d.)

AMERICA TODAY. MARY AGNES HAMILTON. (Hamish Hamilton. 3s. 6d.)

THE INVISIBLE ARMY. A STORY OF MICHAEL COLLINS. DESMOND RYAN. (Arthur Barker. 8s. 6d.)

CRITICISM.

THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY HUXLEY MEMORIAL LECTURES. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

THE CONTRIBUTION OF ANCIENT GREECE TO MODERN LIFE. G. LOWES DICKINSON. (Allen & Unwin. 2s.)

Books Recommended—*continued.*

FICTION.

THE FORTRESS. HUGH WALPOLE. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

GEORGIAN HOUSE. FRANK SWINNERTON. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

TWO SILVER ROUBLES. ESTHER SALAMAN. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

THE GOLDEN BEE. PATRICK R. CHALMERS. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)

THE WAVERLEY PAGEANT. Selections from the works of SIR WALTER SCOTT, with biography and notes by HUGH WALPOLE. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.)

THEY WERE DEFEATED. ROSE MACAULAY. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

THRILLERS.

MODERN TALES OF HORROR. Selected by DASHIELL HAMMETT. (Gollancz. 5s.)

MURDER IN THE CELLAR. LOUISE EPPLEY and REBECCA GAYTON. (Grayson. 7s. 6d.)